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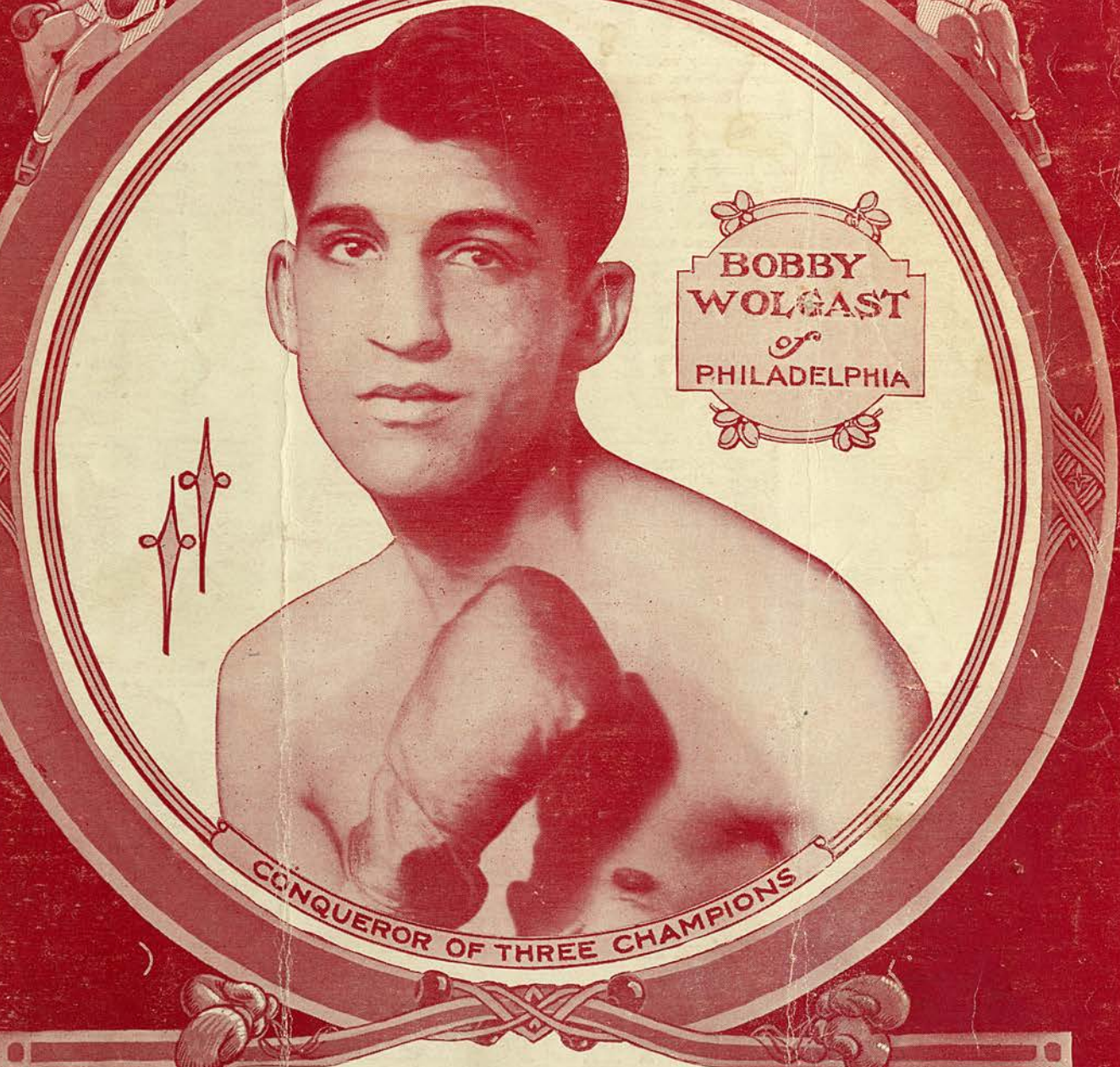

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NERVE EXHAUSTION

How Nerve Abuse Wrecks Health

by PAUL von BOECKMANN

Lecturer and Author of numerous books and treatises on Mental and Physical Energy, Respiration, Psychology and Nerve Culture

THERE is but one malady more terrible than Nerve Exhaustion, and that is its kin, Insanity. Only those who have passed through a siege of Nerve Exhaustion can understand the true meaning of this statement. It is HELL; no other word can express it. At first, the victim is afraid he will die, and as it grips him deeper, he is afraid he will not die; so great is his mental torture. He becomes panic-stricken and irresolute. A sickening sensation of weakness and helplessness overcomes him. He becomes obsessed with the thought of self-destruction.

Nerve Exhaustion is brought about through nerve strain. There is no other cause. Men strain their nerves through mental concentration and business worries; often, too, through excesses and vices. Women strain their nerves mainly through their emotions, especially those involved in their domestic affairs. Indeed, we are in the midst of nerve strain everywhere due to the mile-a-minute life we are leading. And no man or woman is so strong as to be immune to this strain.

Nerve Exhaustion is not a malady that comes suddenly, yet its symptoms are unmistakable. It does not manifest itself, as many think, in twitching muscles and trembling hands. The majority of sufferers from nerves seem strong and healthy, and may have not a tremor in their body, yet *inwardly* their nerves are in a turmoil and are undermining the entire bodily organism.

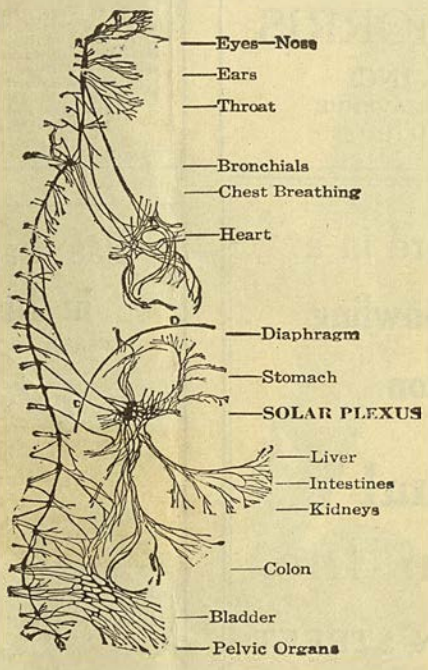


Diagram showing how the Solar Plexus, known as the "abdominal brain," is the great center of the Sympathetic (Internal) Nervous System. Mental strains, specially grief, fear, worry and anxiety, paralyze the Solar Plexus, which in turn causes poor blood circulation, shallow breathing, indigestion, constipation, etc. This in turn clogs the blood with poisons that weaken and irritate the nerves. Thus Mental strain starts a circle of evils that cause endless misery, aches, pains, illness, weaknesses and generally lower mental and physical efficiency.

The symptoms of Nerve Exhaustion vary according to individual characteristics, but the development is usually as follows: First Stage: Lack of energy and endurance; that "tired feeling." Second Stage: Nervousness; restlessness; sleeplessness; irritability; decline in sex force; loss of hair; nervous indigestion; sour stomach; gas in bowels; constipation; irregular heart; poor memory; lack of mental endurance; dizziness; headache; backache; neuritis, rheumatism, and other pains. Third Stage: Serious mental disturbances; fear, undue worry; melancholia; dangerous organic disturbances; suicidal tendencies; and in extreme cases, insanity.

If only a few of the symptoms mentioned apply to you, especially those indicating mental turmoil, you may be sure that your nerves are at fault—that you have exhausted your Nerve Force.

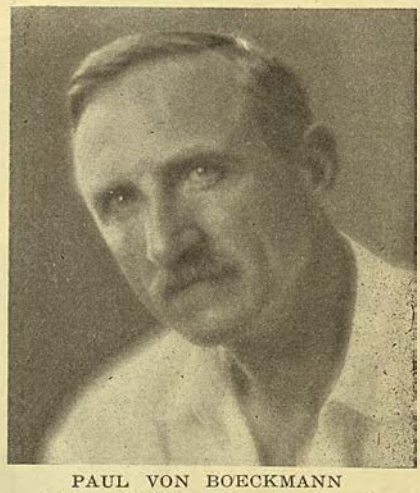
Perhaps you have chased from doctor to doctor seeking relief for a mysterious "something the matter with you." Each doctor tells you that there is nothing the matter with you; that every organ is perfect. But you know there is something the matter. You feel it, and you act it. You are tired, dizzy, cannot sleep, cannot digest your food and you have pains here and there. You are told you are "run down," and need a rest. Your doctor may prescribe a drug—a nerve stimulant or sedative. Leave nerve tonics alone. It is like making a tired horse run by towing him behind an automobile.

And don't be deceived into believing that some magic system of physical exercise can restore the nerves. It may develop your muscle but it does so at the expense of the nerves as thousands of athletes have learned through bitter experience.

The cure of weak and deranged nerves must have for its basis an understanding of how the nerves are affected by various abuses and strains. It demands an understanding of certain simple laws in mental and physical hygiene, mental control, relaxation, and how to develop immunity to the many strains of everyday life. Through the application of this knowledge, the most advanced case of Nerve Exhaustion can be corrected.

I have made a life study of the mental and physical characteristics of nervous people, having treated more cases of "Nerves" during the past 25 years than any other man in the world (over 100,000 cases).

The result of this vast experience is embodied in a 64-page book, entitled "Nerve Force," a book that is essentially intended to teach how to care for the nerves and how to apply simple methods for their restoration. It includes important information on the application of deep breathing as a remedial agent. The cost of the book is only 25 cents, coin or stamps. Address me—Paul von Boeckmann, Studio 35, 110 West 40th St., New York City.



PAUL VON BOECKMANN

Author of Nerve Force and various other books on Health, Psychology, Breathing, Hygiene and kindred subjects, many of which have been translated into foreign languages.

Prof. von Boeckmann is the scientist who explained the nature of the mysterious Psycho-physic Force involved in the Coulon-Abbott Feats, a problem that had baffled the leading scientists of America and Europe for more than thirty years, and a full account of which was published in Physical Culture Magazine and many newspapers.

This book will enable you to diagnose your troubles understandingly. The facts presented will prove a revelation to you and the advice will be of incalculable value whether you have had trouble with your nerves or not. Your nerves are the most precious possession you have. Through them you experience all that makes life worth living, for to be dull-nerved means to be dull-brained, insensible to the higher phases of life—love, moral courage, ambition, and temperament. The finer your brain is, the finer and more delicate is your nervous system, and the more imperative it is that you care for your nerves.

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Fistic Art Gallery—No. III—Jack Dempsey

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The Good Old Days

DIET forms a great part of a fighter's training regime these days but it was not always so. While the old timers did road work and gym work and many of the modern exercises that now are practiced, they shunned dieting whenever they could. Only the press of too much weight drove the old timers to lessening the consumption of food.

"Eating used to be a ceremony," lamented one old boy the other day. Of course a little too much drinking used to go along with the eating among the more careless of the boxers. But for all but a mighty few eating was one of the things to be done with ceremony and dignity."

An item came to hand not so long ago, charting the meals prepared for lightweight champion Benny Leonard by his fond mother, who attends to his diet during training periods. It was a carefully worked out chart that would have horrified boxers of the old school. It was a scientific food schedule and no doubt of that.

It recalled one of the favorite pastimes of John L. Sullivan. Of course the old saying that all John needed was a hair cut and a shave and he considered himself well trained for an opponent, is well known. But he had a failing (besides the one of liquor which he finally conquered) and that was eating oysters.

John frequented the oyster bars which were numerous in his day and would gorge himself with the succulent bivalve. It was nothing for him to eat four dozen oysters on the day of a fight and he never showed any ill effects from his eating.

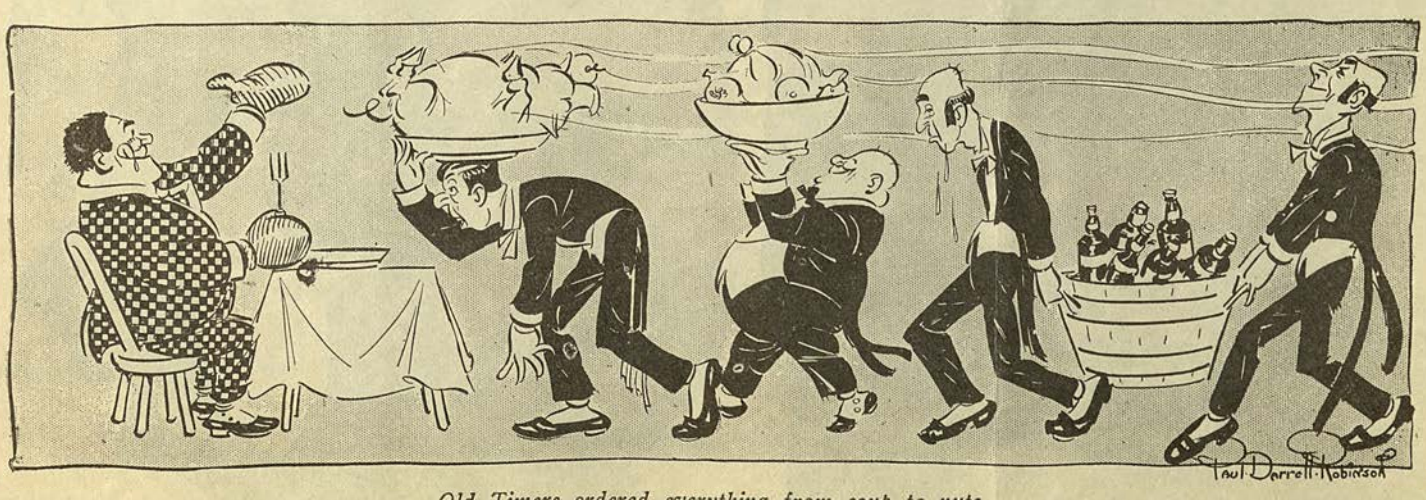
Joe Gans was another who might have been called a gourmet. He certainly did like rich food and when he had the price he would regale himself with fried chicken.

He suffered for his folly, though, for he was continually making weight and, unlike John L., when he put on a couple of pounds by over indulgence at the festive board, he had to take it off in the gym and then sweat out in the steam room.

"But if I have to quit eating I might just as well quit living," Joe once complained.

It is the most natural thing in the world to wish to partake of the sweets of life and that is why the professional athlete does not have the greatest cinch in the world. Keeping in training as an athlete must nowadays to keep in the running, mean abstinence from many things and careful consumption of all things.

The "good old days"! How they are lamented!



Old Timers ordered everything from soup to nuts.

Little Stories of Famous Fighters. No. II

By ADRIAN LISTINA

AL WEENIG was a first class middleweight of 158 pounds some twenty odd years ago. Originally he was a six-day bicycle racer, until Tim Hurst, the old-time referee, crashed into his young life. Timothy, who was a first-rate go-as-you-please mixer, came along in rough and tumble style, grabbed Al by the hair and led him around like a bull with a ring in its nose. This was too much even for good-natured Al, and he rushed into Hurst, going after him with all sails set.

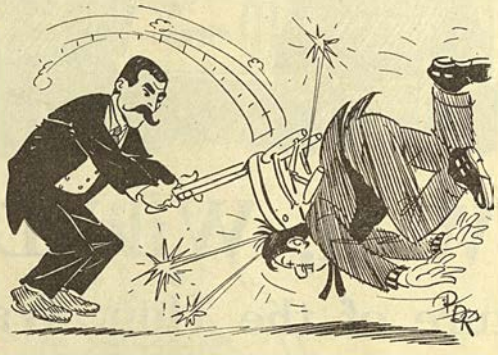
Hurst was eager for the fray and so at it they went, hammer and tongs. It was anybody's fight for a while, with no rests between rounds, but the top-lofty Tim was soon forced to cry enough, and next day every friend who met him was saying, "Why, hello, Timmy, somebody's been doing something to you."

Perhaps this fight taught Hurst a lesson. Without doubt Weenig profited thereby, for he felt so proud of the victory over his redoubtable tormentor that he entered the ring and won not a few creditable victories, but, also, sustained several crushing defeats. These sent him into the discard completely spoiled through trying to force himself too rapidly to the front.

* * *

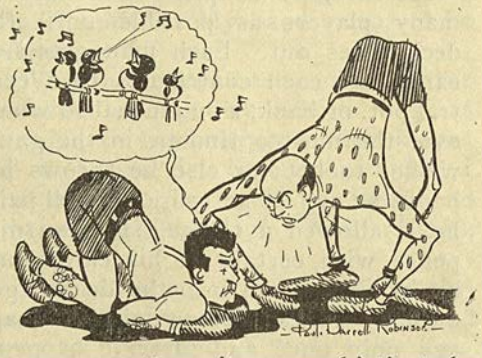
Jem Hall, a top-notcher some thirty years ago, who fought as a middle and sometimes as a light heavyweight, was, we think, one of the unluckiest boxers on record. He did not hold malice against his foes either in or out of the ring, but when drunk was an ugly customer, eager to insult and abuse everybody in his path.

One day, in Quebec City, when somewhat past the heyday of his fame, Hall accompanied by a farmer friend, entered a restaurant where his one-time antagonist, Frank P. Slavin, was seated at a table, quietly eating his dinner. Soused to the gills, Hall lurched up to Slavin and slapped him in the face. Slavin immediately rose to his feet, knocked Hall down with a chair, and then quietly finished his dinner.



Good old Fitz always confined his fighting to the ring. Walking one day into the lobby of the Gilsey House, in New York, he went to the clerk's desk and was informed that the hotel did not desire the patronage of pugilists. Fitz was deeply hurt, but instead of staging a go-as-you-please exhibition of fisticuffs, he quietly left the hotel.

Lanky Bob, it will be remembered, was grossly insulted by Corbett at Philadelphia long before their famous fight, and they say that at the end of the fourteenth round at Carson City, Fitzsimmons bent over his down-fallen foe, and thrusting his freckled face close to the distorted visage of the ex-champion, snarled savagely: "Spit in me face now, damn you! Spit in me face now!" Fitz was superstitiously afraid of the law and in



many respects quite unsophisticated. Bob fought Peter Maher, the Irish lad, the second time at Langtry, Texas. The purse was $10,000.00, and the Australian was told that a certified check for that amount would be handed to the winner. But the freckled beauty balked. "Any jackass can sign a check," he snorted, "I want the money!"

When a proposition was made some years ago to photograph a string of ex-champions, including Jack Johnson, Kilrain was almost the only one who assented to it. "What," said Fitz, when the subject was broached to him, "me stand up alongside o' that nayger!"

Steve Brodie and Charley Mitchell did not love each other, Steve, it is said, having once pulled a shooting iron on the Briton. "Poney" Moore, the celebrated millionaire minstrel man of London, Charley's father-in-law, once staged a capital joke on the bridge jumper, in a Virginia town, while enroute with the Kilrain party to the Richburg, Miss., fight.

Hunting up a bridge during an enforced halt of the train, Moore, by pre-arrangement with his friends, announced that he was Steve Brodie, adding that he proposed to jump off of the said bridge. His friends grabbed him as though to prevent him from carrying out his intention, and, of course, he and his party were soon surrounded by a crowd of gaping countrymen, the county sheriff among them.

"See here, Mr. Brodie," said that official, "there's no law to prevent you from committing suicide if you want to, but I'll arrest you if you try to jump off of this bridge." Whereupon Moore, pretending to struggle desperately with his friends, permitted himself to be dragged away by them to the train, where he amused all who would listen by recounting in his inimitable manner, his debut as a bridge jumper.

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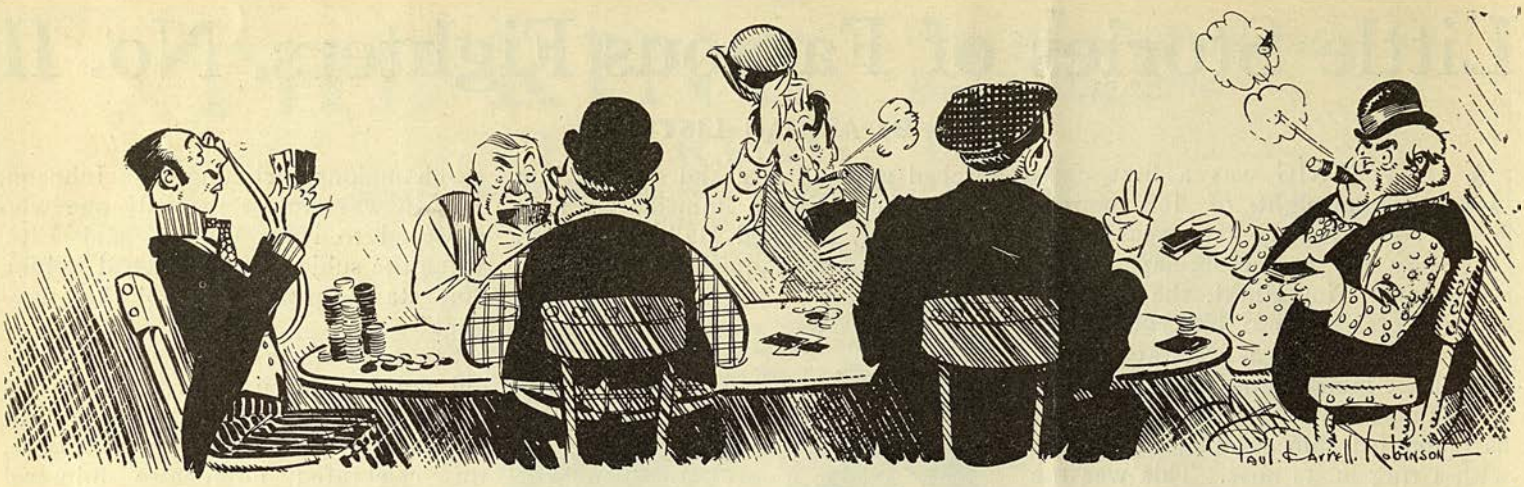

The Wild, Wild Deuces

An Adventure of the Hon. Waffle-Waffle

CHAPTER V

By JAMES K. McGUINNESS

THESE boxing chappies of whom I have written you so much have some of the quaintest pastimes ever devised, old thing. They are ripping old rotters when one finally comes to know them. Not the best people, or that sort of thing, but jolly well good company, I should say; eh, wot?

They have let me in for one of their games in particular, a gambling sort, and one that is peculiarly Yankee. They call it poker. Fancy that, eh, wot? I have not been able to discover the origin of the name, although one of the chappies told me that it was named after their first President, a Colonel Poker of Virginia, he said. I imagine he was trying a bit of friendly spoofing at my expense, however, because I jolly well know that the name of their first President was Col. Roosevelt, eh, wot?

They have a bally sweet chance to spoof me, I should say. You know what the Waffile-Waffiles are; sharp as a steel hammer, and all that sort of rot. No end of brains in the family, as you know; or if you have forgotten just drop in on the pater some afternoon and he'll jolly well inform you what's what.

I feel a bit guilty about the pater. Frightful old sort, but tophole for all that. And still I continue writing to him about my beneficent attentions to the cows on the ranches near New York, going into no end of bally detail about striking them and what not. But I can't very well go him on the matter of Higgins and the boxing Johnnies. He's such a fearful old Tory that he should probably want me to drop that whole thing quite at once; and I should rather not do that with Higgins matched to meet a prize fighting Johnny in Philadelphia in a fortnight for five thousand dollars. Well, rather not.

It would be rather a bally juicy morsel for the tea tables that the Hon. Montmorency Montgomery Waffle-Waffle was managing a prize fighting chappie who had been sent to the States to look after his duds while he was striking cows, wot? But, then, I console myself with an occasional glance at my jolly old bank account. I should fearfully have to strike every cow in every one of the States to earn half as much, old thing.

But to get back to this poker matter, old dear.

It's all jolly simple. There are as many players as possible until the deck gives out. Each man gets five cards and each contributes to a central pot, or bank, a sum equal to whatever the most optimistic in the game wishes to bet; or else he throws his hands away. If he has jolly well paid, he is allowed a choice. He can dispense with certain of his cards and, by handing them into the dealer, get others. This, unfortunately, can happen only once and after it happens, everyone who feels that he can win bets whatever he feels he can afford to lose. It's fearfully exciting. And the most exciting thing about all is that one never knows.

There is another feature of the matter, which is that one can jolly well win without a good hand by betting so much that everyone knows no one in his normal senses would bet that much on anything. Thereupon, if nobody bally well wagers that you are a frightful liar, you win. If they do, you look at your cards and say, "What do you know about that? I thought that was a jack, and it's a king. I suppose I lose."

Everyone jolly well tells you that your supposition is jolly well correct and the game goes on as narrated.

But I must tell you of my initiation into this ripping old game.

A gentleman named Baron Murley —after his wife, one of his jolly friends told me—escorted me to his office where several of his friends were engaged in weighty matters.

"How about a little game?" asked someone.

"Right with me," said the Baron—possibly a papal title—"but first let me introduce my friend. Gents"—I regret to say that he used that locution—"Gents, this is the Honorary Waffle-Waffle, a relative of the Earl of Yorkshire Pudding."

"Honorable," I corrected him, "not Honorary; and the jolly old Earl is Earl of Yorkshiresauce, not Yorkshire Pudding."

"Well, we'll split the difference an' call him Lea and Perrins," said the Baron—really, I can't imagine his having a barony. Would you mind glancing through Burke's for me. I have none here.

"I'm afraid, though, that my friend, Honorary Waffleiron here don't play," he continued.

"I should jolly well like to learn, though," I added, "that is if I don't make a frightful old nuisance of myself."

A silver-haired gentleman with white hair and the face of a mediaeval saint, spoke. His name, I learned, was Tom O'Rourke.

"If you have any money we'll teach you," he said. "And if you haven't there's no use learning. This is a game for people who ought to have money enough and brains enough to know better."

"Right-o!" I responded which, it seemed, was jolly well the proper thing.

It developed, too, that in order to make the game more difficult, the deuces were declared wild. Fancy, eh, wot? Wild deuces. I couldn't understand the significance of the adjective as applied merely to the deuces. It was my fearful old observation that there was not a jolly tame card in the bally deck.

"We'll deal the Honorary in from the start," announced the O'Rourke person. "Maybe he'll have beginner's luck—if he watches the dealer close enough."

The Baron dealt and I, jolly well following the rest, pushed my money into the center of the table.

"Tickets, if any, gents," commanded the Baron.

"At this stage," the O'Rourke person explained, "you can throw away any cards you don't want and get new ones."

That was clear enough, wasn't it, old chappie?

"Very well," said I, "I'll shall jolly well throw away two of these kings and keep the other. And I'll throw away one of the deuces."

It is useless for me to attempt to describe the scene that followed, old dear. One would jolly well think that the frightful old Labor party was in control of the Government from the noise that was made.

"My boy, my boy," muttered the O'Rourke person, "did I hear you right? What did you say you were going to throw away—never mind! Don't tell me! Just read off your hand from left to right."

"Very well," I agreed and proceeded to do so. "King of hearts, king of spades, deuce of clubs, deuce of diamonds, king of clubs."

"My gawd," moaned the O'Rourke man. "Five kings. Just take my watch, Honorary, and call it square, and let a poor, harmless old man go home to his family in peace."

For it seemed, old thing, that I had unwittingly drawn what was an amazingly good hand. Of course, I won that hand, but as the frightful old pirates explained to me, I might have taken their coats and waistcoats —as if I wanted them—by merely keeping still and letting them bet, after which I would proceed, as one of the boxing chappies put it, to murder them.

Another time I found myself with a sequence from the ten to the ace, but, unfortunately, the king was of clubs, while all the rest were of diamonds. Naturally, I exchange the king and by a stroke of good luck I received in return the king of diamonds. Quite good judgment, eh, wot, old thing?

Several of the prize fighting chappies had extraordinarily good hands, but I was determined this time to bluff them, as the Yanks so quaint-

"Well, gentlemen, I guess you have caught me this time."

ly put it, so I continued to raise their wagers each time. In the end, by some rule of the game, I was forced to exhibit my frightful old hand. I laid it down somewhat apologetically.

"I'm afraid you've caught me this time," said I. "My hand seems to be rather weak."

What noise had been raised on the occasion of my five kings was as nothing to the bally row they kicked up this time, for it developed that I had unwittingly drawn the best hand in the game, old thing. Not bad skill, eh, wot?

And when the evening's entertainment wound up, I found that I had won four hundred of those bally Yankee dollars.

Quite politely I bid them good evening and thanked them.

"I should like to learn any other of your games you would care to teach me, gentleman," I informed them sincerely, as the party was breaking up.

"No!" said the O'Rourke person vehemently. "No! I'm against education in any manner, shape and form from now on."

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TAD'S TIDBITS

Sharkey's Remarkable Memory

Peter Jackson's Reply to John L.

By TAD
N. Y. Evening Journal's Great Cartoonist and Sports Critic

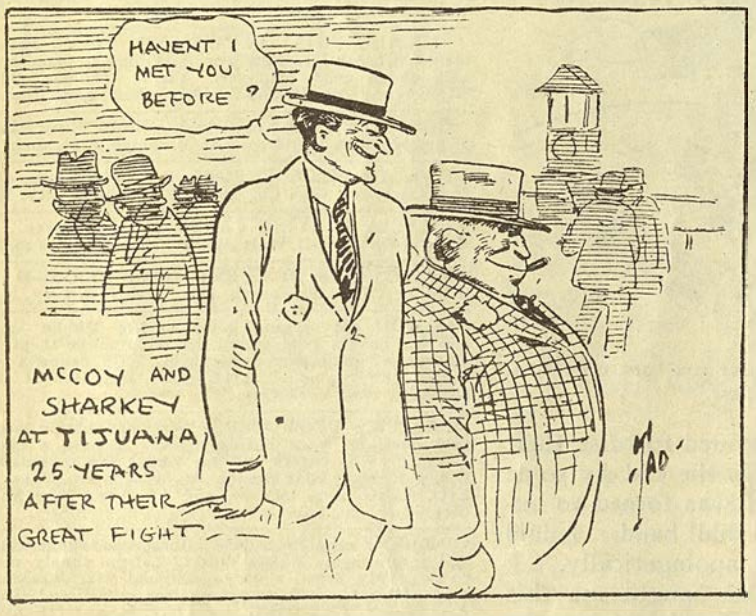
A few months ago at Tia Juana Tom Sharkey, the old deck scrubber, who now owns a couple of nags, was strolling about the grounds trying to figure what was best in the next race. Tom, a bit gray now, but still wearing that protruding chest and a big cigar, was suddenly bumped by a tall gent with rather wide shoulders.

"Oh, pardon me," piped the tall gent, as a smile raced across his pale features, "Haven't I met you before?"

Sharkey looked up at him and, as he recognized the gent, drawled, "Yes, I think you have. The last time I saw you, it seems to me that you were dusting the rosin off your ears."

The tall gent was Mr. Norman Selby, otherwise Kid McCoy.

Yes, they had met before. New Yorkers will remember it well, because their meeting took place in this city in January, 1899.



Mr. Sharkey, after having kissed the canvas that night, got up and dropped Mr. McCoy in the tenth round with a right-hander on the chin, and the latter failed to get up before the referee counted ten.

It was one of the most thrilling fights ever held in this town, and more money was bet on it than goes with a big race today.

McCoy, who spends most of his time in Los Angeles these days, just happened to drop in at Tia Juana to try his luck and meet some old pals.

The pair had a lovely time laughing over the days when they were both within a few steps of the biggest title in boxing.

* * *

When John L. Met Peter Jackson

Stories often get twisted around in a terrible manner in their retelling, and none was ever manhandled worse than the one concerning the meeting of John L. Sullivan and Peter Jackson.

Sullivan always avoided a match with the great black and successfully ducked him until the end.

When John L. was about to visit Australia he was on board the Alameda, the boat which had brought Fitzsimmons, Jackson, Griffo, Dawson and other stars to these shores.

Peter Jackson was a great friend of the captain and while wishing him luck on his return voyage heard that Sullivan was aboard and also met him.

This is the story of what happened as W. W. Naughton told it to W. F. Corbett:

" 'I can lick any man in the world,' blustered Sullivan, as he grabbed Jackson's hand and pulled him violently forward. Peter merely smiled, and responded with, 'Well, I won't exactly say that I can lick any man in the world, but I will tell you that I am ready and willing to try at any time.' "

This response elicited here, was heard by several of the audience. John L.'s bluster and his fierce scowl scared many a man inside and outside of the ring, but they didn't put Peter Jackson out of step in the slightest degree.

The only fighter Sullivan brought to Australia with him was that fine fellow, Jack Ashton, who came as Jonnel's sparring partner in a special scene of "Honest Hearts and Willing Hands."

Joe Goddard was always hot on Sullivan's trail while he remained here, but the American champion would have none of the Australian man-eater. He shrewdly interposed Ashton as a sort of buffer, and Goddard knocked him out in eight rounds in Melbourne. Sullivan and Abe Hicken seconded Ashton that night.

* * *

Jim Corbett Talks About Jeffries

The topic under discussion was, Could Dempsey beat Jeffries?

Jim Corbett was surrounded by fight bugs at the Friars Club, some taking the Jeffries side, others the Dempsey end.

Taking Jeffries right at his top form, piped Corbett, and Dempsey at his top form, and I'm inclined to lean to the Jeffries side, and I'll tell you why.

When I was first introduced to Jeff it was at Carson City, when Billy Delaney brought him up to help me train for Fitzsimmons.

Jeff was just a big raw fellow then, and I used to do about as I pleased with him. He was big and strong and willing, but outside of that was about as good as most of the heavies around here today.

I knocked Jeff cold the second day he worked with me. He rushed in with his head down and I uppercut him on the chin and he fell in my arms, OUT.

I used to get in a corner of the ring, promise Jeff that I wouldn't hit him, and order him to let everything fly at me. He was so soft then that I just picked his punches off the way you'd pick peaches off a tree.

But wait; yes, wait. Later on that fellow was the toughest guy I ever saw for a big man. He had learned a lot and he remembered it. What a left hand he had. I don't think there ever was a big man that had the speed and power in the left hand that Jeff had. He didn't have to swing or hook you with it. He just jabbed, and then he'd knock you back ten feet. He knocked Fitz flat on his back with a jab.

He was powerful, fast and had the speed.

When he was in his prime, say the second time he licked me or the night he beat Monroe, he was as tough a piece of fighting machinery as a man ever faced.

He had that crouch, you know, with his right hand covering his face and there wasn't much to jab at but his forehead. That right arm of his was three-fourths of a foot wide above the wrist and it was like shooting at a cement wall. You had to look at a place to shoot at, but all the time you were thinking of that big left of his that was in front of him always ready to bump you off.

Jeff wasn't so easy to hit as some people think. His poorest

(*Continued on page* 13)

What Boxing Is Good For—A Defense of the Manly Art

By TOM THORP
Famous Sports Writer and Football Coach

DURING the recent agitation against boxing in New York State a prominent legislator whom I know quite well, approached me and said:

"Thorp, you have had many years' experience in sports, and especially in football. Now, can you honestly tell me if there are any good reasons why boxing should not be legislated out of existence?"

I did not have to ponder that question long. But I hesitated to answer quickly because I wanted to drive home to this friend of mine the truth about boxing in a way that would impress itself upon his mind.

So I said to him: "Did you see the Army-Navy football game?"

"Yes," he replied.

"Then," I responded, "you saw boxing in a guise you did not recognize."

"I fail to follow you," said my friend in a perplexed manner.

"I'll explain," I said laughing a bit at his state of mind. And then I told him the following, something that all should bear in mind when agitating against boxing.

"Those Army and Navy players you saw battling at the Polo Grounds in six inches of mud were trained boxers, everyone of them and during the contest they boxed as skillfully as many a man has done in the ring. They did not land blows nor try for knockouts, for such tactics are strictly barred in the great college game, but they did use defensive tactics that only a boxer learns. In warding off the advancing players, in side stepping, in watching the other fellow, in keeping track of the ball, in tackling, in avoiding tacklers, these players used the arts of the boxer. They were trained by men who understood the value of the boxer's ability on the gridiron.

"The use of the hands in defensive play in football is one of the prime requisites of a football player. He who can use his hands to throw an opposing player off balance, to ward off tacklers, and use the hands, mind you, in a perfectly legal way under the strict collegiate football code, he is a good football player.

"On the offensive side of football, of course, boxing does not play so large a part; or rather, perhaps, plays a different one. You have, no doubt, seen a player dashing down the field with the ball under his arm, seen a tackler dive for him and miss, seen the runner, stick out his arm and throw off another tackler and then, perhaps, you have seen this runner suddenly sidestep while going like a sprinter down the field, and avoid a final enemy tackler.

"You never, chances are, thought that that runner was using tactics that are taught to a boxer. But he was. Every football coach with mighty few exceptions, knows the value of defensive boxing. The side step is a defensive tactic used in boxing and it is employed in football because it is so necessary.

"Now if you were to take these same football players and put them in the field in real war you would find them charging in the same manner as in football, and in hand-to-hand conflict you would see them use the same tactics against the enemy as you saw them use on the gridiron.

"That is the physical side. Of course we don't train college football teams because we expect or hope that some day they will fight our wars for us. But we do try to inculcate in every youth in school and college the fundamental tactics of self-defense and we have found that boxing is the surest and in fact the only feasible way of providing this fundamental necessity.

"There is, too, of course, a mental side to boxing. The mere fact that a man is required to watch the other fellow and to be able to counter whatever advances he may make or to thrust aside his assaults, makes for a keener mind. Boxers, even the most unschooled in the ring, are mentally alert. Of course there are exceptions, but you take the men who have reached the higher ranks and you will find their minds alert and receptive. They have to have such minds or they would not have reached where they are.

"And when you find young men with alert and receptive minds you have mighty fine material for good citizenship. Boxing, from its commercial side, of course, is something different. But all sports, more or less, are commercialized.

"This is a commercial age. Proper regulation seems to be necessary for everything. We have our railroads regulated. The railroads can't charge beyond certain rates without permission from the Interstate Commerce Commission. We regulate our city transit lines, our other public utilities. This is an age of regulation, an age where commercialism demands that checks be placed on business affairs and money making. Everyone, it seems to me, is in pursuit of money.

"We don't kill off business because the men in it are commercialized. The same sentiment should be extended to boxing. Boxing is a business and a sport combined.

"We ought to be able to regulate the business end of boxing. You will notice that the business end of football is well managed and has nothing to do with the playing end. The same system could be worked out, in a sense, in boxing.

"However, don't try to kill the art of boxing. It not only means a lot to every athletic activity that requires speed and shiftiness and defensive skill, and thus every team sport, but it is a mighty good thing for every boy in the land. Boxing, properly taught, does not generate bullies. Rather, it has been my experience, it discourages bullyism.

"My friend, after listening to this chat of mine, declared he saw boxing in a new light and I know I added a friend to boxing in this man. I'd like to mention his name but I cannot do that. I do know, however, that he is a friend in Albany of the manly art and will do all in his power to see the sport put on a safe plane along with other sports."

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How to Judge a Fight and Render a Decision

By THE VETERAN

THE RING *has received many letters asking what is the cause for such vast difference of opinion among the spectators at fight clubs regarding the proper verdict in bouts when decisions are rendered. We asked several expert judges and to a man, they declared it was all due to the fact that the average fight fan judges his fights on rounds only, while the judge and referee give their verdict according to points awarded the contestants at the end of each round. Thus, according to N. Y. State Boxing Rules a man may lose a bout on rounds scored, yet officially be declared the winner because he scored the greater number of points.*

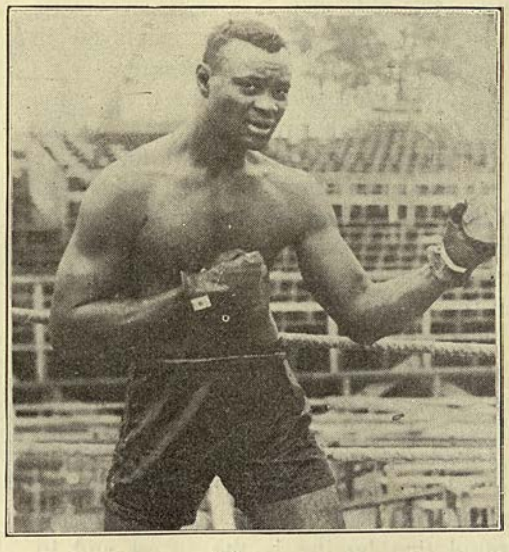
To clarify the point, we here asked one of America's most famous boxing experts, a man who has judged championship bouts, to give THE RING *readers his views on "Judging a Boxing Bout," and we hope, through his statement, to eliminate much of the hissing and booing which greet the announcement of a verdict at local clubs.—Editor's Note.*

WHAT is the reason for the apparently erroneous decisions by official judges of boxing? Why should unofficial experts disagree so radically as to the winners of contests that last the limit? There is ground for the belief that the difference of opinion is due to incorrect methods of judging bouts. Ninety-eight per cent. of those regarded as competent to decide contests *score by rounds*. In substance, the system runs as follows, with a six-rounder between A and B, as the example:

A took the first, second and third; the fourth was even and B took the fifth and sixth. A having taken three rounds and B only getting two rounds, A is the winner. The vital defect of that system lies in the fact that B gets no credit at all in the three rounds in which A had the advantage and A is not accorded any in the two rounds won by B. Under the circumstances, the scorer *must* carry in his mind all the points earned by A in the last two rounds. This might not be a difficult task in a four or six-round bout, but in a 10, 12 or 15-round battle, it would be practically impossible.

What then is the solution? It is simple. The score must be made on points, and the rounds ignored. For example: Ten points is the maximum and they are divided between the boxers according to merit It is possible, but not at all probable, that a contestant might win all the points in a round and his opponent get a zero mark. Unless a boxer is hopelessly outclassed he is almost certain to score a few points in every round, and these points should be awarded to him when the score is totalled at the close of the bout.

The most serious injustice of the system of scoring by rounds is that a boxer might have a slight advantage in a majority of the rounds of a contest and then be declared the winner.



Harry Wills, world's greatest negro heavyweight, who is making a great battle to force Dempsey into a match

At the same time his opponent may have scored so heavily in a minority of rounds as to overcome the narrow margin of advantage of the supposed victor.

Take the case of A and B in the six-rounder above referred to. A wins rounds 1, 2 and 3 by a margin of 1 point in each round, the point score being 6 for A and 4 for B. This makes the totals for three rounds of 18 for A and 12 for B.

The fourth round is even, adding 5 to each boxer's score, thus leaving the totals at 23 for A and 17 for B. But B rallies in the fifth and sixth rounds, batters A all about the ring and wins each round by 8 points to 2. This brings B's total up to 33 and A to 27. B winning the contest by 6 points. Yet in scoring by rounds A wins by 3 to 2.

Naturally, a man cannot successfully score unless he knows the basis on which points are to be credited to the boxers. The first consideration is clean, effective hitting; second, aggressiveness and leading; third, defensive skill. Those are the cardinal points. Ring generalship and sportsmanship are also to be taken into consideration.

The Walker Law declares that the decision must go to the boxer who scores the greatest number of effective points, regardless of the number of rounds won or lost.

In scoring by rounds, the tabulation on a suppositious bout between A and B would be as follows:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	Ttls.
A	x	x	x	..	0	0	— 3
B	0	0	0	..	x	x	— 2

Thus on that showing, A is the victor, being credited with three winning rounds as against two for B, while one round is even. However, in scoring the contest by points, an entirely different result is reached. The points scored by each boxer in each round is herewith set down:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	Ttl. Pts.
A	6	6	6	5	2	2	— 27
B	4	4	4	5	8	8	— 33

Thus B is shown to be the victor by a margin of 6 points. In the opinion of the writer, it is absolutely essential that the points scored by boxers in each round should be set down at the close of the rounds. If a contest is one-sided it is not difficult to arrive at a decision without scoring at all.

But in a close bout of 10, 12 or 15 rounds, with a constantly shifting advantage, it is impossible for a scorer to keep a correct mental record of the credit due each contestant. When all judges and all writers score by points, there will be an end to incorrect decisions.

The official score card of the New York State Boxing Commission shows that the judges must score points on aggressiveness and clean hitting, clever sparring and good defense, and against a boxer for clinching and holding when ordered to break.

THE RING stands for all that is honest in the field of boxing. Its progressive policy has gained for it thousands of readers.

Famous Acrobat First to Teach Speed in Boxing

By A. D. PHILLIPS

BOXING FANS who watch such clever performers as Jack Britton, Benny Leonard and others in the limelight at the present time—boxers who have the science of the game down to perfection—may not be aware of the fact that up to about fifty years ago speed, both in leg work and in hitting, was practically an unknown factor in the ring game. Yet that is very true and it is also rather odd, but just as true that speed in boxing was introduced by none other than an acrobat—or rather, three acrobats.

Fifty years ago takes one back to the days of bare knuckle boxing, when brawn was supreme and when nothing else mattered a great deal. About this time there were six brothers touring this country as acrobats, and being fight fans they became interested in the training methods of the fighters.

They discovered that the boxers trained for strength but not speed. These acrobats, none other than the famous Hanlons, three of whom still survive, and were in New York City recently, were weight lifters, besides performers on the tumbling mat. The writer, who has attended sporting events of all kinds for more than 50 years, and participated in many of them himself, was well acquainted with this famous family.

Strength and speed were requisites to their profession, and they marveled that boxers did not train for speed. The boxers used heavy dumbbells and heavy weights, whereas the Hanlon brothers trained with light dumbbells and pulleys.

The Hanlon brothers fitted up a gymnasium in Philadelphia and attracted many boxers there. The result was that the bare knuckles princes took up the light dumbbells and in other ways followed out the ideas of the Hanlons. In a short time the boxers who trained thus added speed of limb and speed in hitting to their repertoire and the birth of speed in boxing took place.

Recently the great acrobatic feats of the six Hanlon brothers were recalled by the writer when three of the brothers, George, William and Edward, age eighty-six, eighty-four and seventy-six years respectively, came to New York to see Alice Hanlon, daughter of Edward, perform in "Ermine." Ed Hanlon, in discussing boxing with the writer, declared that he and his brothers were originators of the modern method of training for boxing bouts.

"My brothers and myself toured the world," said Ed, "and astonished the people of all nations with our acrobatic stunts and feats of strength. When we came back we fitted our gymnasium with light dumbbells and other light paraphernalia instead of the big dumbbells and heavy weights which the bare knuckle boxers trained with to get into condition. While these prize fighters hardened their muscles and became exceedingly muscular they were clumsy when they entered the ring.

"Some of the fighters visited us and saw us train. We surprised them by the use of the light weights and dumbbells, and they could not understand how we gained our strength. We proved to them that whereas they developed their muscular strength, we not only developed that but also retained our suppleness and speed. I also found I could hit much harder than some of the pugilists who visited us.

"One day I induced one of the fighters to change his method of training and adopt our system and to the astonishment of himself and his backers this fighter cut his opponent to ribbons on the night of the fight, and conclusively proved our method of training the better. From that day the professional bare knuckle fighters gave up the heavy weights and dumbbells and trained according to the Edward Hanlon style."

A STOGIE AND A MATCH

By Ernest A. Johnson

It was a bloomin' winter's evening, and a bunch of fans were there,
Filled the club to overflowing, at the corner of the square.
With pride in every movement, entered I, and grabbed a seat,
For my pal, the "Fighting Plumber," is an hombre hard to beat.

When the last prelim. was over and the semi-final fast
Was a thing of history only—a mere memory of the past—
And the referee, as usual, in the glory of his might,
Had dispensed the well-known lingo ere he sent them out to fight.

Then I snuggled down in comfort, with a stogie long and sweet,
Oh, my thoughts were very pleasant—which it's pretty hard to beat,
For my pal, the "Fighting Plumber," with his famous Stillson smash,
Should reduce his battling foeman to a pugilistic hash.

Then I bent to light the stogie ('twas a very foolish deed),
For a noise like thunderation "snapped" me to my well-known feet,
And I gazed upon the ring floor and my heart was far from light,
For the form upon the canvas seemed familiar to my sight:

'Twas my pal, the "Fighting Plumber," knocked plumb loco! (What the hell?)
Who had his phiz. upon the canvas, not to rise from where he fell.
And as I turned my footsteps homeward, I scratched my wooden thatch,
For I missed a first-punch kayo by—a stogie and a match."

TAD'S TID BITS

(*Continued from page* 10)

fight was the second one with Fitzsimmons, and he took a terrible beating because he couldn't get out of his own way on account of the soft boards in the ring.

Dempsey would hit him, yes I know, but Jeffries would hit Dempsey, and I want to tell you that if Dempsey ever got that left hand rip into his body he'd start thinking.

You know Dempsey tired badly in Toledo with Willard after the first exciting round. He's a very nervous fellow; just the opposite of Jeff.

Dempsey went all to pieces with excitement, whereas Jeffries would have been just as cool as a cucumber, no matter what happened.

Jeff was bigger and stronger than Dempsey and could take a terrible beating and still come on.

It would be a bloody fight between that pair, and although I like Dempsey and his attack, I am afraid I'd have to have a ticket on that boiler maker.

I think I'd walk many a mile to see the pair fight, too.

When Peter Maher Was Shocked

By JACK SKELLY

PETER MAHER, who is employed by a steamship company in New York City at the present time, had a varied career if ever a fighter did. He nearly reached the top of the heap, and certainly hit the bottom. Life still looks pretty rosy to Peter, however, for he has in his heart the indomitable spirit of never-say-die. There are more stories about Maher almost than there are about Tom Sharkey. Many a good laugh was had at Peter's expense, and some of them were as much as Peter could stand.

It was as rough a bout as ever was staged in this country. It was hardly a fight, or strictly speaking, a boxing contest. Klondike, who had an iron jaw, took everything that Maher had, and Peter had "something." Klondike survived five rounds of this sort of thing, getting in some hefty blows and hurting Maher by his wrestling tactics. Going to his corner at the end of the fifth round, Maher declared:

"This fellow isn't human. I've hit with everything I have and he has come back for more. I'm going out and angered so that he grasped Maher around the waist and lifted him off his feet. Then he crashed the Irishman to the mat, picked him up, crashed him down again, and repeated the process twice more, while the crowd each second drew nearer and was ready to start a riot.

The crowd began cursing and called to the referee to stop the battle and to disqualify Klondike. The maddened negro, his teeth bared, lifted Peter once more and tossed him down, and this time lost his grip. Peter was al-

Klondike is easy.

I hit him with everything.

Klondike picked Maher up

Peter felt his throbbing head

Along about the middle of Maher's career, in 1900, after he had been knocked out by Fitzsimmons, by Joe Goddard and by Kid McCoy, Peter was told he easily could whip a colored fighter named George Haines, who also was known as "Klondike." Peter, as usual, needed the money, and accepted the match. There was considerable trouble in staging the bout, but it finally came off at Trenton, N. J., on Aug. 20, 1900.

this time and finish him. A good Irishman can always lick a coon."

So Peter started out to end the encounter and was doing very well. He battered Klondike from pillar to post and finally landed in one spot that Klondike didn't care to have hit, the stomach. To save himself Klondike clinched, and as he did so Peter socked in another to the bread basket.

Klondike was maddened with pain most insensible as Referee Crowhurst pushed Klondike back and awarded the bout to Maher on a foul. Peter had to be assisted to his corner and was in a bad way for some minutes.

"If I had known he wanted to fight rough and tumble," declared Peter as he felt his throbbing head, "I'd have given him the heel early and the 'boots' often." Peter vowed vengeance, but never got Klondike into the ring a second time.

Celts Must Guard Their Laurels

By ROBERT MAHER

THE Irishman is not yet ready to throw aside his rule of the ring even though he sees other races coming to the front. But it is certain that in the past few years the blood of the Caesers has been running through many of our best ringmen. Italy has given us some of the finest of our boxers in the past few years, as witness such boys as Johnny Dundee, Frankie Genaro, Johnny Wilson, recently deposed middleweight champion, Rocky Kansas, Pal Moran, among the better known of the boys in the ring today.

A few of the boys of Italian parentage or extraction who are just a bit less known but who are all striving to make their name today, are Harold Smith, Ray Mitchell, Nick Foley, Carl Duane, Lew Perfetti, Paul Doyle, Jimmy Amato, Eddie Martin, Terry Martin, Harry Martin, Henny Catena, Bobby Doyle, Mickey Travers, Tony Julian, Basil Galiano, Frank Carmone and Rocco Stramaliga.

And in the other days there were such as Benny Yanger, Patsy Kline, Joe Grim, Casper Leon, Hugo Kelly, who was Ugo Michelli, Jim Barry, and a few dozen more that we can't recall to mind just now. The Latin always has been a fighter. The Celt has been a fighter through all of his history. In this country we get the decendants of Celts and Latins, often the two bloods mixed. Our boxers are native born, mostly of Italian, Irish and Jewish parentage.

It will do well to watch the Latins. Firpo is a Latin, half Italian, half Spanish. The Celt must watch his laurels! His period of supremacy is doomed.

YOUR HELP IS WANTED

Help us to spread the gospel of cleanliness in boxing by introducing us to your friends. Tell them what we are doing for the red-blooded man's sport.

Bobby Wolgast, Philadelphia's Dynamo of Punch

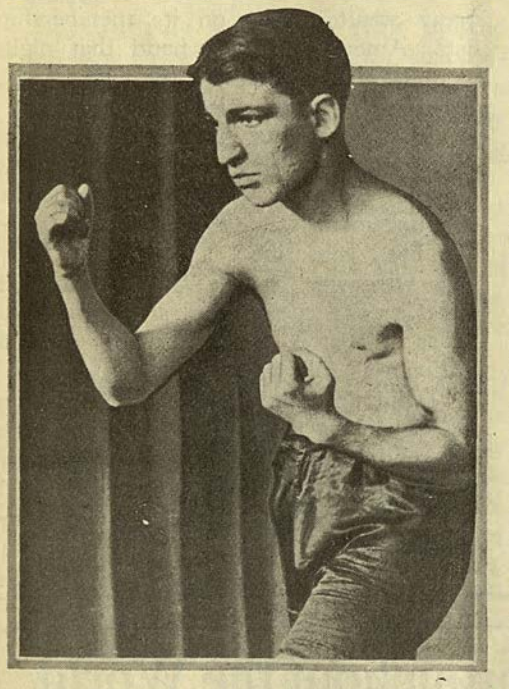
Outpointed Three Champions in Four Months

By ROSS E. KAUFMANN

HOW many knights of the roped square who made their bread and butter with the upholstered fists and at the time had not reached their 21st milestone in life can point to a record of having outpointed three champions—one after the other—in a period of four months?

Surely you can count them on the fingers of one hand.

Boxing fans in New York and other centers of activity may shake their heads and say: "It can't be done." But that's exactly what Bobby Wolgast, Philadelphia dynamo of punch, accomplished before his twenty-first birthday.



Bobby Wolgast

Beat Frankie Genaro, American flyweight champion; Pancho Villa, world's flyweight titleholder, and Joe Lynch, monarch of all bantamweights, in a row? Yes, it has been done. The ever-rushing, mauling, tearing-in Wolgast did it.

Philadelphia followers of the punch are still talking about the conquering of three champions by Wolgast between April 16 and July 9 last year.

Wolgast's rare ring record was hung up before the advent of decision bouts in Philadelphia. Promoters had been looking around for more than a month for a suitable opponent for Frankie Genaro, who had just wrested the American flyweight title from Pancho Villa. Wolgast finally received the nomination. Within a year he had come forward with a rush, graduating from the novice class to one of the best boys of his poundage in the Quaker City.

A fearless lad with his fists from the early days when he was the "bully" of other Italian youths around his corner, Wolgast jumped at the chance to meet Genaro. What happened is ring history. Bobby won the newspaper decision over the American champion in eight rounds.

Along came Pancho Villa, just before he met Jimmy Wilde for the world's flyweight crown. The Filipino was looking for an opponent who would test him to the limit before he stepped into the ring against the crafty Wilde. No coaxing was necessary to get Wolgast to take on the almond-eyed terror.

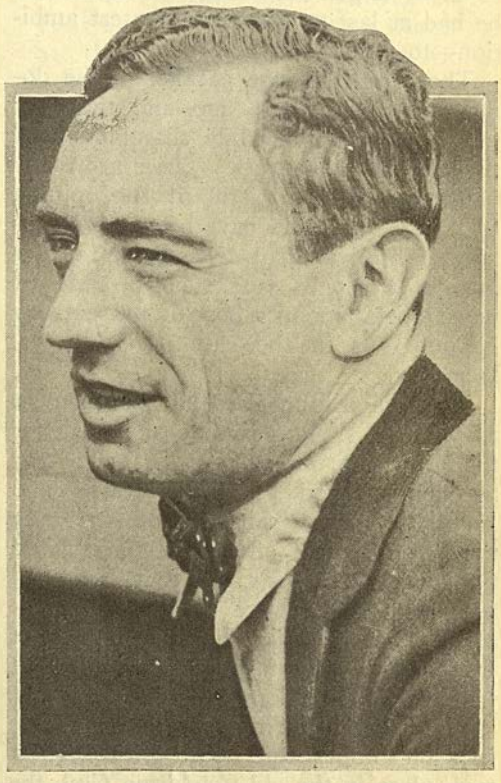
Before a crowd of 22,000 persons, who paid $47,000 to see the bout at the Philadelphia National League Ball Park last May 24th, Wolgast again surprised the fistic world, winning the newspaper verdict over Villa.

In both contests, Wolgast fought as a bantamweight. Therefore, there was no title at stake.

Following his triumph over Villa, Philadelphia promoters, who by this time seemed to be trying to get Bobby beaten, assigned him to exchange punches with Joe Lynch. Bobby jumped at this chance just as readily as he had agreed to take on Genaro and Villa. Once more the Wolgast colors waved triumphantly, Bobby receiving the verdict from a majority of the newspaper critics. This bout also was staged at the Philadelphia National League Ball Park, 24,000 fans having paid $54,000 to see the battle.

Naturally, fistic fans are asking, "How did he do it?" This question has been put to Bobby on dozens of occasions by his loyal followers, but each time he replies in his modest way: "By fighting, fighting, fighting every second I am in the ring and forgetting that the other fellow was a champion."

Wolgast is not a terrific puncher.



Herman Taylor

He belongs to the McGovern school, ever rushing and tearing in. To back up is not in his vocabulary. His attack is his defense. His slogan, when waging ring warfare, is to take a punch, and by so doing, retaliate with two or three. And so far Bobby's fearless aggressiveness has carried him to the front rank as a contender for the bantamweight title.

Herman Taylor, for years Philadelphia's leading open air promoter, thinks so well of Wolgast's future in the ring that he recently signed him to a long-term contract. A busy winter has been mapped out for Bobby, who seems to thrive on work.

Manager Herman (Muggsy) Taylor can be reached at 114 North Fifty-fifth Street, Philadelphia, Bell Phone, Belmont 7922.

THE RING stands for all that is honest in the field of boxing.

When Peter Jackson Thought John L. Would Fight Him

By JOHN L. (IKE) DORGAN

THE fencing that has been going on among the managers and promoters in regard to a bout for the heavyweight championship between Jack Dempsey and Harry Wills recalls an incident when Peter Jackson, the great black of a generation ago, thought that he had at last attained his greatest ambition—to meet John L. Sullivan.

There is a strange parallel in the doings of thirty years ago and those of today between the white champions and the formidable negroes. There are many old-timers who are still of the opinion that Jackson would have been the champion if Sullivan had ever dared to face him in a ring. Just such a state of mind exists among a host of present-day boxing fans in the case of Wills vs. Dempsey.

There is still considerable wonderment as to why Wills was side-tracked after the famous agreement of more than a year ago was signed by Jack Kearns and Paddy Mullins, managers of Dempsey and Wills, to the effect that they would fight inside of a year, and that Wills had first call. Fans were practically unanimous in their belief that the agreement was made in good faith and that this bout would be fought long ere this.

Now, the incident we refer to where Jackson's hopes were raised to the highest took place in the old California Club the night Jack McAuliffe, the lightweight champion of the world, fought Jimmy Carroll. The writer was among those present.

The house was packed to the ceiling. Just before the fight started the late L. R. Fulda, president of the club, entered the ring and commanded silence. The crowd was in an uproar as he read the following telegram:

"John L." Ignored Jackson's Challenges

L. R. Fulda, San Francisco, Cal.:

Have withdrawn color line. Will fight Peter Jackson in twelve-foot ring for purse of $25,000; winner take all.

(Signed) JOHN L. SULLIVAN.

The crowd yelled for Jackson, who was in the house, but he was of a bashful disposition, and refused to leave his seat until W. R. Vise, secretary, finally persuaded him. Cheered for several minutes after entering the ring, Peter said:

"Thank you, gentlemen, for your demonstration. All I can say is that I am mighty glad Mr. Sullivan has accepted my challenge, and I will fight him on the terms he has suggested. He can have the ring made to suit himself, and the money conditions are satisfactory."

The crowd was wild over the prospects of such a battle. Just imagine a fight to a finish in a twelve-foot ring between these two great gladiators! Just imagine Dempsey and Wills today being willing to do this for a purse of $25,000! Them days is gone forever!

Fulda declared that he could not take the responsibility of his club offering such a sum. The California Club had many wealthy men on its membership list. Among those on hand that night were John D. Spreckels, the sugar king; Senator Fair, millionaire mining magnate; M. H. De Young, Major McLaughlin, and others. These got their heads together, and a few minutes later announcement was made that the purse had been subscribed.

A wire was sent to Sullivan to that effect. The next day an Associated Press dispatch from Boston quoted Sullivan as follows:

"I did not send the telegram read in the California ring. I have no idea who did send it, and I have not changed my mind about fighting a colored man. I will not fight Jackson under any conditions."

The Ring's Compilation of Champions Throughout the World

World Champions	Heavyweight	Light-Heavyweight	Middleweight	Welterweight	Lightweight	Featherweight	Bantamweight	Flyweight
Country	Dempsey	McTigue	Greb	Walker	Leonard	Dundee	Lynch	Villa
America	Dempsey	Tunney	Greb	Walker	Leonard	*Dundee	Lynch	Genaro
England	Frank Goddard	Bloomfield	Todd	Lewis	Mason	Fox	Brown	*Open
France	Carpentier	Morelle	Charles	Porcher	Bretonnel	Ledoux	Routis	Gleizes
Belgium	Van Humbeck	Julios	Devos	Hobin	Germain	Hebrans	Scillie	Montreuil
Holland	Van Der Veer	Westbroeck	Westbroeck	Van derHoff	Van derHoff	Van Vliet	Van Dyke	(Vacant)
Italy	Spalla	Contro	Bruno	Bosisio	Sarboni	(Vacant)	Bosetti	Marzorati
Germany	Breittenstraeter	Buckzum	Prenzel	(Vacant)	Naujocks	Sasse	Grass	Kohler
Spain	Teixidor	Molero	Carlos	Ailo	Zaldwar	Miro	(Vacant)	Ferrand
Switzerland	Clement	Clement	Baechli	Maestrini	Baas	Simeth	(Vacant)	(Vacant)
Australia	Ern Sheppeard	Ern Waddy	Tommy Uren	Fred Kay	Hugh Dwyer	Ernie Baxter	J. Semmens	Geo. Mendies
Europe	Carpentier (France)	McTigue (Ireland)	Todd (England)	Ailo (Spain)	Bretonnel	Ledoux (France)	Brown (England)	Montreuil (Belgium)
Orient	.....	.....	.....	I. Flores (Philippines)	S. Jaminito (Philippines)	T. Pandong (Philippines)	P. Sarmiento (Philippines)	F. Conception (Philippines)

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*Wilde and Kilbane retired.

Revised to Date.

Muldoon Tells of Mace-Coburn Battle

Built Ring for Bare-Knuckle Contest

By CHARLES F. MATHISON
(*Dean of American Boxing Experts*)

IF the roll was called of eyewitnesses of the bare knuckle battle between Jem Mace, champion of England, and Joe Coburn, champion of America, at Bay St. Louis, near New Orleans, November 30, 1870, how many would be qualified to answer "Here?"

There may still be in the land of the living a number of persons who saw that notable contest. Yet the only man in this vicinity who not only was at the battle ground, but built the ring in which the combatants struggled, is William Muldoon, chairman of the New York State Athletic Commission. Mr. Muldoon at that time was a vigorous youngster with ambitions to become a great boxer or wrestler, and any one curious as to the present age of the chairman should sharpen a pencil.

Setting up a boxing ring in the London rules period was not so complicated a task as putting in place a modern ring, but it was a decidedly hazardous undertaking. The ring builder of bare knuckle days was compelled to cart ring rope, stakes, sledges and other paraphernalia long distances by rail or boat. On arrival at the chosen spot the stakes might be driven, the ropes attached and everything be in readiness for the fray.

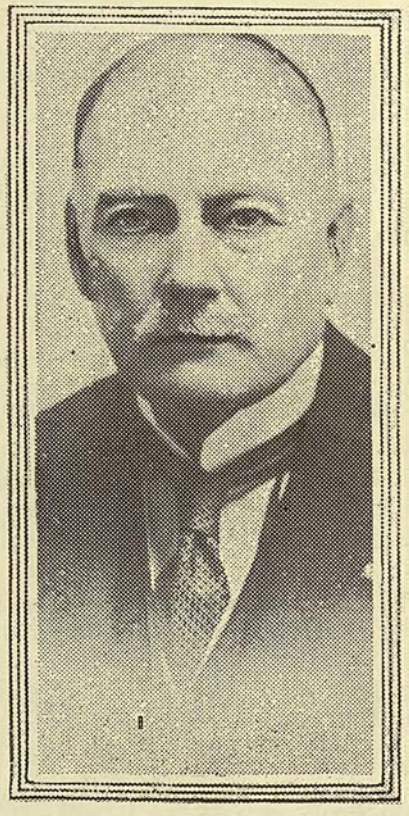
Suddenly the authorities would appear and the ring would have to be yanked up and taken to some safer location. Muldoon did all the work attendant on putting the ring in place solely with the object of witnessing the contests. On this occasion he saw a most disappointing affair. There is hardly a doubt that had Mace and Coburn boxed such a bout under the Walker law both would have been suspended, at least.

Three Hours to a Draw

"Twelve rounds were contested under London rules," said Muldoon, "the men being in the ring 3 hours and 48 minutes. One of the rounds (I think it was the third), lasted one hour and two minutes, neither man landing an effective blow. They finely clinched, went to the ground in a dog fall, and thus ended one of the longest rounds in the history of the ring. A cold rain fell during the battle, and both men were chilled. The referee called the bout a draw.

"It seemed to me that Mace could have settled Coburn in easy fashion had he not been intimidated by Coburn's followers, who were a desperate lot. The slogan of bare knuckle fighters was:

"'Win, tie or wrangle,' and if one of the first two conditions was not achieved somebody usually got hurt. I do not doubt there would have been



William Muldoon

a battle royal had Mace put forth his best efforts that day and beaten Coburn. Mace drew first blood in the fourth round and was well in the lead, but thereafter he relaxed his efforts and killed time till it was too dark to fight any longer.

"Coburn and Mace were matched four times. The first engagement was set for October 4, 1864, at Pierstown, County Tipperary, Ireland. Coburn reported on time, but Mace failed to appear and Coburn received $500 forfeit and returned to America.

Mace Unable to Collect

"Mace later came to the United States and he and Coburn met in the ring near Port Ryerson, Canada, May 11, 1870. They did nothing except meet. Not a blow was struck in one hour and 17 minutes, each refusing to lead. Fortunately the Canadian military authorities arrived and put an end to the farce.

"The referee of the bout in Canada was Dick Hollywood, and he ordered the men to meet near Kansas City on June 8, 1870. Mace was on the ground at the appointed time, but Coburn was not. Mace, however, was not so fortunate as Coburn regarding forfeit money. Harry Hill, stakeholder, refused to give Mace the $500 posted by Coburn, despite the fact that Referee Hollywood declared that Mace was entitled to the stakes.

"The bout at Bay St. Louis was Coburn's last battle in the ring. He died December 6, 1890.

"Mace was one of the most remarkable boxers in history. In cleverness, he was the equal of Young Griffo. The Englishman had practically the same style as Griffo, seldom blocking or parrying a blow with his arm. His defense consisted of ducking, slipping and sidestepping, at which he was wonderfully clever. Mace was taken up by the leading sporting set of New York and was one of the first pugilists to dine at the exclusive Union League Club.

"The British champion boxed at Niblo's Garden while in New York, and made a strong impression on the followers of pugilism. On his last visit to America, long after he had retired from the ring, he boxed a three-round exhibition bout with Mike Donovan at the Broadway A. C. Mace was past his prime athletically, but still showed traces of cleverness."

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IVAN and BORIS

By JAMES K. McGUINNESS

LIST to the story of conflict so gory,
Of terrible deeds and of horrible ways;
Of giants in battle, as heavy as cattle,
As heavy as bulls in a fury ablaze.

Ivan, the Tartar, a bone-crushing martyr,
A guy who could chew railroad spikes for dessert,
Or swallow a trestle, was given to wrestle
Some other poor sap 'till his frame was inert.

Snorting defiance at every alliance,
Being one of the best snorting birds in the land,
He challenged all comers and promised their summers
Most scanty would be when he took them in hand.

Boris, the Russian, one evening was lushin'—
Lushin' being something the Russian will do—
Hoisting the glasses and making some passes
At all in the manner becoming a stew.

Loudly he boasted, "My soul is now roasted
For want of a suitable guy to dissect.
I'm boiling with fervor for some one with nerve, or
A strong man of courage and slight intellect."

Long had he shouted in basso full-mouthed
For victims desiring a trip to the grave.
Promising truly that all the unruly
In his mighty paws soon would learn to behave.

Enter then Ivan, and many did leave on
Perceiving this giant of stature so great.
Whose eyes were a-gleaming and nostrils were steaming
With high-powered conflict and high-tensioned hate.

Weep for the loser, you maiden and boozer,
You men of much feeling, you hearts made of stone—
For Ivan and Boris, now standing before us—
For one of them soon will be standing alone.

Oh! for the horror; the ghastly tomorrow,
For Ivan grasped Boris in arms like a vice.
Oh! for the rending of battle unending,
He crushed seven ribs in a split-second trice.

Oh! for the shambles, the pushing and scrambles
As Boris tore Ivan's two arms from his waist.
Oh! Pray do not mock it, for each from its socket
He jerked with dispatch and with consummate grace.

So they kept fighting and limbs kept alighting
As fiercely they wrenched every tissue askew;
Then legless and armless, though far from being harmless,
They rolled on the floor and resumed it anew.

Heads down they butted—the barroom was glutted
With discarded remnants and sections of bone—
Head on they hammered, of conflict enamoured,
But stone then met concrete and concrete met stone.

Which was the victor, and which one was licked, or
How it could be called anything but a draw,
I never could fathom, for each was an atom,
As minute an atom as ever I saw.

Unending friction—and this is no fiction—
Of bone against bone and of head against head,
Had finished by wearing what started with tearing,
And nothing was left that might even be dead.

So they both ended, to Heaven ascended
In fragments and bits, if they got there at length.
No loser, no winner—Oh! weep for them, sinner!
Those tragic possessors of too great a strength.

Essential Qualities of a Boxer

By Spike Webb

[*Spike Webb, Boxing Coach of the United States Naval Academy and coach of the last American Olympic team, has compiled the following as pointers to be observed by the American youth in training with the hopes of winning a place on the next Olympic team.*—ED. NOTE.]

At least seven qualities should be sought if the ambition of the boxer is to be achieved.

* * *

THE first is strength and use of the muscles. One may have plenty of strength in his muscles without having large muscles. Quality is more important than quantity. Both may be developed by proper coaching and training.

* * *

THE second is endurance. It is the ability to keep battling away under trying conditions. This is what generally wins all the championship battles. Had our own Champion Jack Dempsey lacked this asset in his fight with Firpo, the heavyweight titleholder would have surely lost.

* * *

THIRD is energy; this means speed, combative spirit, and aggressiveness.

* * *

THE fourth is sand—a word which means courage, grit, and determination—essential elements to the successful boxer.

* * *

THE fifth is control. Critical moments in boxing bouts show the importance of self control and steady judgment. A cool head invariably triumphs over the man who becomes excited. Fight fans will recall that steady judgment and a cool head kept Champion Benny Leonard from losing his lightweight crown to Lew Tendler the first time they boxed for Tex Rickard.

* * *

THE sixth is the ability to punch hard. The boxer who aspires to a title should, with either hand, be able to punch with force. The boxer, in order to punch with force, must perfect a system of muscular coordination. The muscles of the arms, legs, and body in every move, must coordinate. This may be obtained through the use of combination exercises designed to employ simultaneously every part of the muscular system applicable to boxing.

* * *

THE seventh is generalship. This indicates development of natural advantages, coupled with the intuition and the ability to grasp quickly any advantage of any opening given by the opponent, as well as being able to properly guard against punches.

Charlie White Describes His Hardest Battle

By FRANK G. MENKE

"EVERY time I recall Stanley 'Soakum' Yoakum," relates Charlie White, of Chicago, "I'm reminded of the Rock of Gibraltar. I'll always believe that it isn't much harder to smash up the rock than it was to beat Yoakum into submission years ago in our fight in Denver.

"Until that day I didn't know what was the toughest handicap a fighter could face in the prize ring. I thought it was being beaten up by the other fellow. But ever afterward I knew that the real discouragement comes when you are faced by a man who fights all the fiercer the more he is hit and who seems able to stand up under a volley of 16-inch shells.

"Up to the time we had met, Yoakum had won 75 straight fights. I didn't know then that he had won by letting the other fellows wear themselves out by hitting him; didn't know he was a man who could take more punishment than Bat Nelson took the best day he lived. I just had the idea Yoakum won because he was a better fighter.

"I trained for that fight in the cottage of a jail warden. He watched me work every day and got enthusiastic about my chances. I thought I was a sure thing to win in a few rounds, too. So when the warden bet $400 that I would stop Yoakum in 12 rounds, we both thought it was like stealing money from the other fellow.

"Yoakum had a peculiar style—one as freaky in its way as Harry Greb and Johnny Dundee. It took me seven rounds of that scheduled 20-rounder to figure it out. Once I learned it, I went out to win the fight—and also the $400 for the warden.

"Never in my life have I fought harder or faster than I did against Yoakum through the 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th. I hit him everywhere—and with everything. I sent the old left hook that has been dynamite to other men, full and solid to the vulnerable part of Soakum's chin, not once, but a dozen times.

"And all he did was to grin and rush me.

"I hit him in the heart with every ounce of my body behind it. And Soakum just grunted and came at me like a wild tiger. Every time I hit him the shot did nothing but stir him up to more furious action.

"Everything I had in the world went into the 12th round in the effort to win the bet for the warden. I landed a hundred punches—perhaps more. Every one was a hook or haymaker. And, at the end, there was Yoakum, with a face blood-covered, and split in a dozen different places—grinning at me.

"I pounded Yoakum's face and body in the next five rounds until my own hands were cut and bleeding within the gloves. If I hit him once, I hit him four hundred times in those rounds. And every blow was a crusher for Soakum had by that time, discarded the little defense he had and stood wide open in slugging position.

"In the middle of the eighteenth, I shook him up with a right-hander and then set myself. I knew he'd come in at me after that punch, the same as he did each time I had hit him before. He lunged at me and I met his chin with a left hook. His body quivered—and down he went. As he fell his head hit the floor with a terrific bump.

"Yoakum was about the deadest-looking fighter I ever saw in my life, as the referee began his count. I waited until 'six' had been chanted. Then I walked to my corner, confident the fight was over. I heard 'seven', 'eight', and 'nine.'

"And then I heard the crowd roar a warning.

"I turned—just in time to meet Yoakum tearing in at me again. The sight of a ghost couldn't have surprised me more. Soakum landed twice before I could recover from my surprise and was slugging it with me as the bell ended the round.

"Soakum came out in the 19th a terrible looking sight. He looked as if he had tried to stop an express train with his face. But his heart was as stout and the will to fight as strong as ever.

"Pondering over his uncanny power to take punishment made me forget the fight itself for a few seconds. What a wonder that boy was! I began to wish I had a crowbar or a gun for it seemed as if nothing else could stop him. But I determined to make one final try, and, failing, to go through the rest of the fight content to win on points.

"Yoakum came in—as usual. I smashed a right to the body and then with every last iota of energy in my whole body, I drove my left to the jaw. Yoakum crumpled—and went down.

"The referee leaned over him and began to count. I did the same thing. If that bird was going to get up again, I wanted to be right there to see him do it. Second by second the count droned along, with the referee and I doing a duet. At last we reached 'ten'—and Yoakum was still out.

"The hardest fight of my career was over; a battle that I'll remember when every other fight of my career is forgotten."

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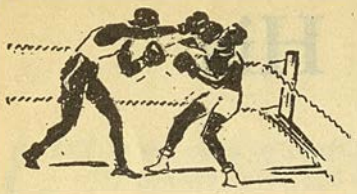
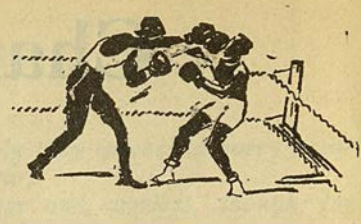


As We See It

Crisp Comment on Current Ring Problems

By NAT FLEISCHER
Publisher and Editor of THE RING



Another From the French

WE have heard and read of many weird decisions but when it comes to carrying off the highest award, no man or combination of men can compete with the French Boxing Federation. It was only a month ago that this august body announced to the boxing world that Mike McTigue was not the world's light heavyweight champion. At the same time it declared that Battling Siki never held the title and with the crown awaiting a claimant, suggested that this country stage a competition to decide the American title holder and then have this champion compete against those of European nations to decide the holder of the world's crown. This, despite the fact that Gene Tunney is the recognized champion of America.

In our last issue we commented fully on this ridiculous ruling of the Federation, hence we shall not go further into this phase at present. But, judging by the adverse criticism hurled at the Federation by every American critic of note and every keen judge of boxing in England for the stand the Federation took in its discussion on the light heavyweight championship, it seems that a lesson would have been driven homeward and future rulings would be made with more caution.

* * * * *

More Foolish Suggestions

NOT so, however. A cable dispatch from abroad informs us that the French Federation, exercised over the rioting which followed the recent bantamweight championship fight between Charley Ledoux and Andre Routis, took under advisement two new measures to prevent recurrence of the trouble.

The first measure would reduce the number of seats and provide larger forces of ushers at bouts licensed by the Federation. The second would withhold announcement of decisions until the day following a match, thus protecting the referee from assault when delivering an unpopular ruling.

* * * * *

Why Boxing Is Dead in Europe

NOW we can readily understand why boxing is a dead issue in Europe. If all organizations entrusted with the supervision of boxing were to act with the same lack of foresight as does the French Federation boxing would be a thing of the past. When a body of officials acknowledges that rowdy fight fans cannot be controlled and that they haven't the least instinct of sportsmanship in their makeup, then it is time for the sport under their jurisdiction to be prohibited.

When a body of officials openly declare that the ringside rowdies seek the blood of the referee and judges, then these officials openly acknowledge to the world at large that they are unfit to rule, and instead of devising ridiculous means for avoiding their responsibilities they should resign their positions and let others, more capable, take hold. If, on the other hand, the rowdy element cannot be checked, then the sport should not be permitted at all.

* * * * *

Obnoxious Suggestions

BOTH of the suggestions above mentioned are so obnoxious to any sport, that we cannot understand how a body of able officials could even suggest them. The opening wedge to crookedness, to scandals far greater than the world's series scandal of 1919 in this country, is made when a referee is permitted to render his decision the day following a contest. And as for reducing the seating capacity of arena and increasing the number of ushers, we feel certain that talented boxers, champions and others, are in the game not for the glory attached to winning of belts but for the money they can earn. Boxing, with professional pugilists, is their means of livelihood and they certainly are entitled to all their drawing power can bring them.

Cut down the seating capacity and you automatically reduce the gate receipts. Without gate receipts professional sport cannot live long, hence the adoption of such measures as suggested by the French for all clubs under its jurisdiction, would spell the death knell of boxing in France.

These suggestions carried out still further among other nations allied with the French Federation would kill even the little interest now shown in boxing in Europe and would result in even a greater exodus of champions and near champions from all parts of Europe to this country.

* * * * *

Comes to Defense of Boxing

BOXING is in the throes of a maelstrom of attacks from reformers, publicity seekers and discontented promoters who are jealous of the success of their rivals. While these attacks are being carried on, it seems especially gratifying to one who loves the sport to read of a noble defense of the red-blooded man's game by one from whom the patrons of boxing would least expect it. We refer to the recent declaration of the Duchess of Hamilton, wife of the premier peer of Scotland. We doff our hat to this far-sighted Duchess who would like to see boxing used for armies and navies to settle international disputes.

Sitting at the ringside in Bermondsey Town Hall watching her son, the Marquis of Douglas and Clydesdale, heir to 167,000 acres, give the "Bermondsey Pet" a severe pummeling in a six-round contest, she remarked:

"As I watched the fight the thought uppermost in my mind was what a pity we cannot revert to the Viking days when tribal disputes were settled by fights between picked men. If we could only choose 150 boxers from each side and let them decide the issue with their fists instead of the bayonet and shrapnel, how much better this would be than the terrible, horrible wars. I believe boxing is the best training for men as it teaches them to take hard knocks and self-control. By all means let us have boxing and plenty of it at all times."

What a noble thought for a woman to express!

Where are the reformers who would kill the sport to obtain publicity for themselves?

Read what the Duchess of Hamilton, the mother of a grown-up son, says about boxing!

The Duchess of Hamilton's few words rank among the greatest defenses of boxing and to make certain each legislator of the State of New York reads it, we have decided to send them a printed copy.

* * * * *

In Re Tom O'Rourke

WHILE on the subject of reform, we regret the statement of the venerable Tom O'Rourke, one of the greatest handlers of boxers and promoters in America, at the recent hearing of the Lord bill to kill boxing in the Empire State. Tom O'Rourke knows boxing from A to Z, and should be one of the first to come to the defense of the sport which has meant so much to him in the past twenty-five years.

Whatever differences he has with Tex Rickard and those interested in boxing realize they are bitter enemies, should not be used against the game. As we have often remarked in these columns, we stand for all that is right in the sport.

We have no enemies to attack, no friends to praise. We hold no scruples against Tex Rickard nor Tom O'Rourke, hence we rise to remark that the battle which Tom O'Rourke waged against boxing at Albany in the guise of an attack on Tex Rickard and speculating was entirely out of order.

* * * * *

Needs O'Rourke's Support

BOXING needs the support of Tom O'Rourke and as a former Deputy Commissioner of Boxing he knows full well that the proper place to have made his charge was at the office of the New York State Boxing Commission, whose members are gentlemen of the highest type, fearless and honest; men who have no bones to pick and who do their duty as their judgment dictates.

It was apparent through Tom O'Rourke's speech in the Assembly that his desire to retaliate against Tex Rickard for his replacement as promoter of the Polo Grounds was the primary reason for the attack. With all O'Rourke said, and he said a-plenty, there was nothing in his attack which showed that boxing as conducted in the State of New York is so corrupt that its abolition becomes a necessity.

We agree with Mr. O'Rourke that speculation is carried on in tickets for boxing bouts. But the same holds true in baseball, football and any other branch of sport in which the demand is big. Why abolish boxing because of a wrong in the business end of the game which can be rectified through the powers granted the Boxing Commission by the Walker Law?

We reiterate what we so often have said. There is nothing wrong with boxing in New York. It is supervised by the most competent commission in this country, and deserves a rest from the attacks of those who seek its death.

* * * * *

James J. Jeffries is Not in Need

IT is gratifying to the well wishers of James J. Jeffries to learn that the former world's heavyweight champion is not broke and has a sufficient sum set aside in land investments on the Coast to assure him of a life of comfort for the rest of his days. Fistic followers a few months ago were expressing sympathy for the man who in 1910 failed to bring back to the white race the crown which Jack Johnson had wrested from the head of Tommy Burns. The report had been circulated that Jeffries had lost all he possessed and was on his way to the poor house.

Thanks, however, to a helpful mate in Mrs. Jeffries, the former boilermaker who has reached the age of forty-eight, finds that through her far-sightedness, the Jeffries family still is in possession of 100 acres of choice land assessed at $2,500 per acre, enough to keep the wolf from the door and assure a life of comfort to one of the greatest fighters the world has ever seen.

The position of Jim Jeffries should be an object lesson to the pugilists of the present era.

* * * * *

Baseball and Boxing

THE first skirmish in the battle of baseball club owners against fight promoters who would use big league stadiums for boxing, has been won by the fight moguls. The battle, one waged against the owners of the New York clubs, the biggest supporters of our national pastime, has resulted as we expected.

There is no gainsaying the fact that baseball and boxing do not mingle.

Where baseball hitherto had a clear field, where the columns of the sports pages throughout the summer boomed little more than our national pastime, we now find baseball often playing second fiddle to fisticuffs during the summer months, especially so during the period when the ballyhoo is on and the path is being cleared for a world's championship bout.

* * * * *

No Place for Boxing

UNLIKE some of the club owners who have fought against boxing sharing attention with baseball at the ball parks on the ground that the drawing power of the latter is lessened by the publicity given boxing matches, we feel that boxing bouts staged in stadiums at night, cannot injure the attendance at ball games. Yet we also feel that the ball park is no place for boxing.

What better example need we cite than that of the Firpo-Dempsey fight at which more than 80,000 persons were present and probably thirty per cent. saw the fight through the much-abused "brown derby."

The ball park was never meant for boxing and should not be used for this sport. Persons who pay $25 for a seat are entitled to the full protection that goes with such purchase.

They are entitled to see everything that goes on in the ring and when conditions are such that a view of the contestants is obstructed, it is an imposition to ask the fight fan to pay any such fabulous price just for the purpose of saying he was present at the bout.

* * * * *

Tex Rickard to Solve Problem

BY all means let us do away with fighting at ball parks. Tex Rickard, the world's greatest promoter of sports, realizes that the staging of bouts at a ball park is a complete failure so far as pleasing the public is concerned, and while others are arguing pro and con about the subject, he is actively engaged in selecting a site in the Borough of Queens, in New York City, which will house the greatest stadium for sports in the world.

Perhaps after Tex builds this stadium, there will be no further need for the squabble between ball park owners as to whether or not boxing should be permitted.

* * *

Enforcing Regulations

THE recent order of the New York State Boxing Board that referees enforce the regulation in reference to knockdowns, is working splendidly. The rule in question provides that when a contestant is knocked down, his opponent must retire to a far corner and remain there till the count is completed. Should the boxer who scores the knockdown fail to obey the rule the referee is directed to cease counting until the regulation is complied with.

Fear had been expressed that the enforcement of the rule might cause confusion, but to date it has worked out admirably. To the writer it appears that the enforcement of the rule is the only solution of the problem that confronted the referee of the Dempsey-Firpo bout. If a boxer, who has floored his opponent, realizes that failure to retire to the opposite side of the ring would give the man on the canvas additional time in which to recover, he will not attempt to strike his opponent.

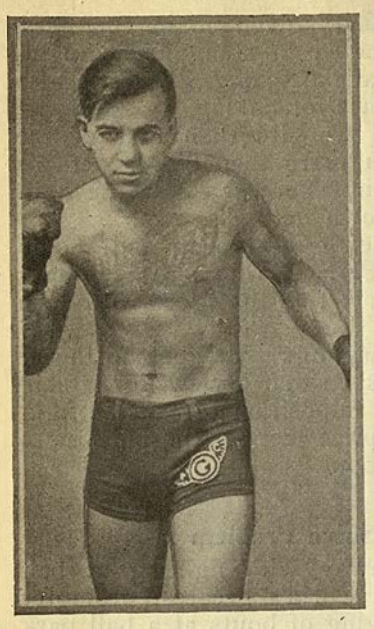
* * *

Jack Johnson's "Comeback" Attempt

MAL McGILVERY, an able judge of boxing, a follower of ring matters for more than thirty years, writes from Canada that Jack Johnson's recent "bout" in the Dominion has done more harm to boxing than any offense committeed by boxer, manager or promoter in many years. McGilvery, who has seen every heavyweight championship fight since the days of John L., says that the bout was a travesty on the sport, and that it will take a long time ere the damage is undone.

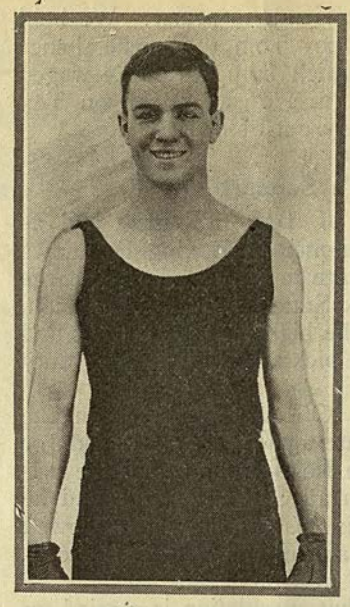
We agree with his opinion. Jack Johnson is not wanted in the ring. He is not needed either as an attraction at the box office or as a means for uplifting the sport, and the sooner promoters realize that the return of Jack Johnson to the ring will arouse bitter antagonism and eventually serve to kill boxing the better for the game.

In these days when boxing is the target for all kinds of attacks it behooves fight promoters and club matchmakers to refrain from insulting intelligent fight patrons by placing a "has-been" against a clown. The sport needs all the protection it can obtain, and such matches as the Johnson-Homer Smith fiasco will not do boxing any good.



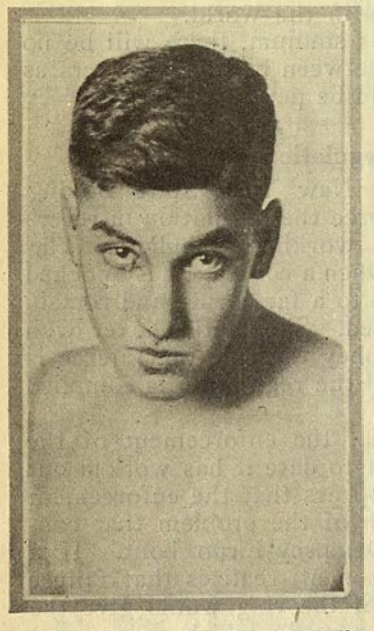
Billy Blackie, Navy representative in the bantam class, who has been displaying most of his fisticuffs in the local armories

Chief Halftown, one of the many Redskins who are venturing into pugilism



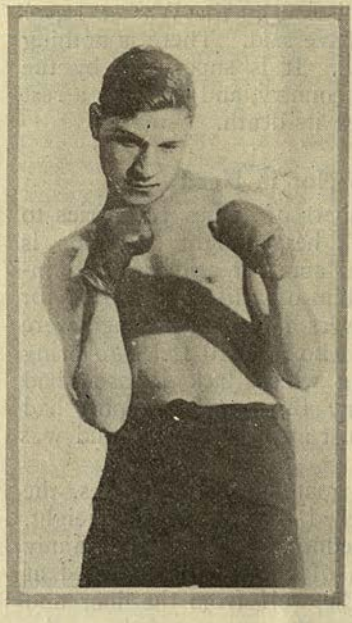
Mickey Mooney, rapid-rising Trenton youngster, who is making himself a feared figure in New Jersey fistic circles

Marty Barrett, one of the outstanding figures in the welterweight division in the Middle Atlantic States



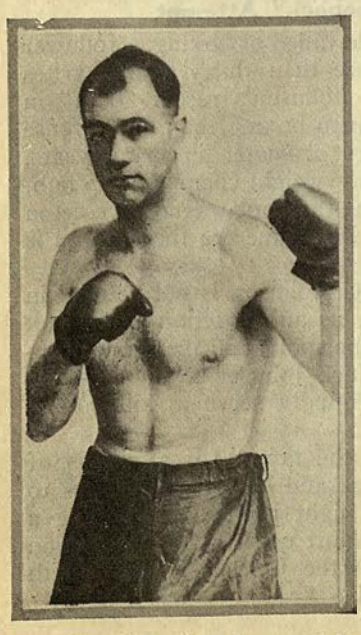
Phil Mercurio, the New Rochelle light heavyweight

Eddie Madden, the Fall River fly-weight

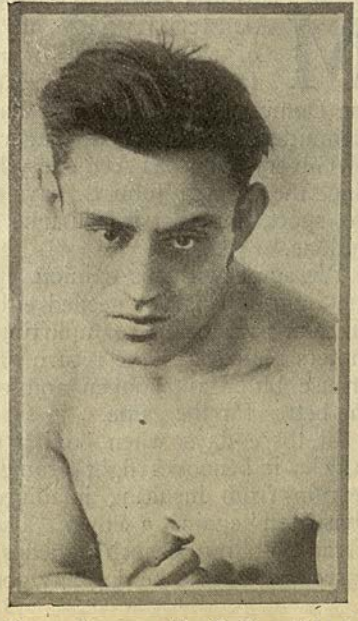


George Sheppard, hard hitting Canadian lightweight

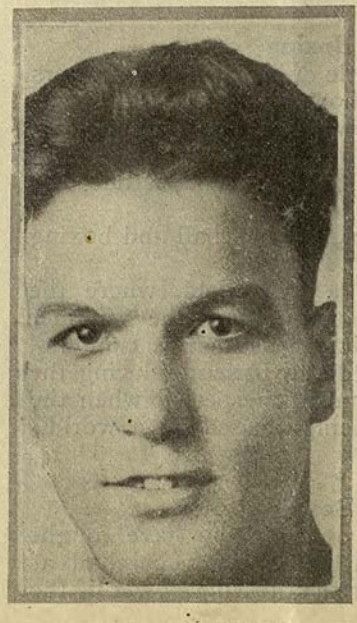
Jack Kelly, the 126-pound flash from California



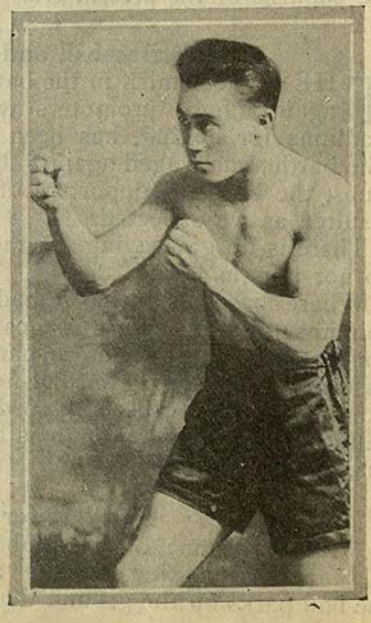
Jack Douglas, the heavyweight champion of the National Guard



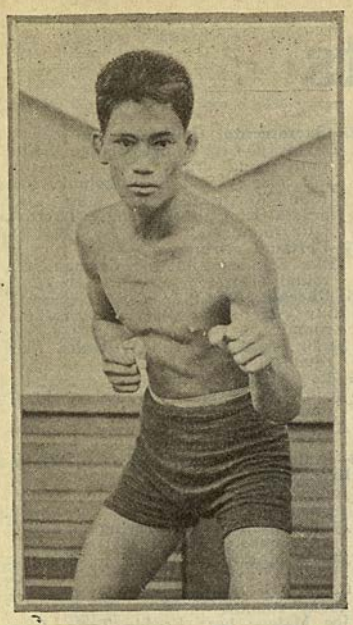
Harry Martone, the K. O. artist of Jersey City



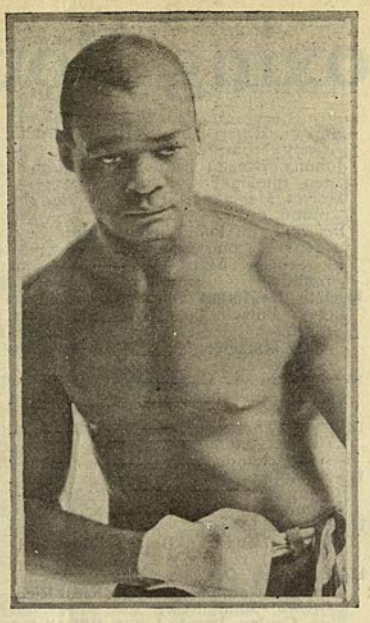
Jack Delaney, the good Bridgeport, Conn., middleweight



Mickey Doyle, of Scranton, Pa., a bantamweight with a good record in the Keystone State

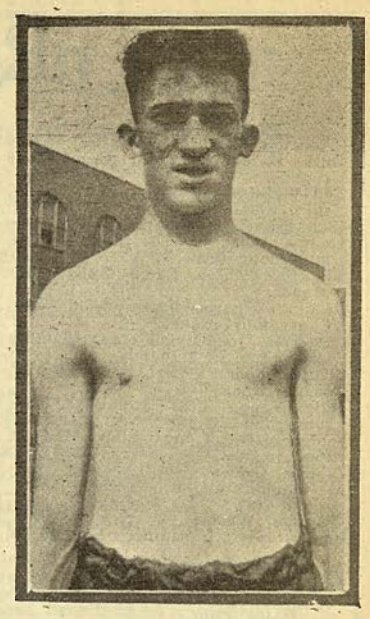


Young Pelky, another of the Philippine crop of future greats,

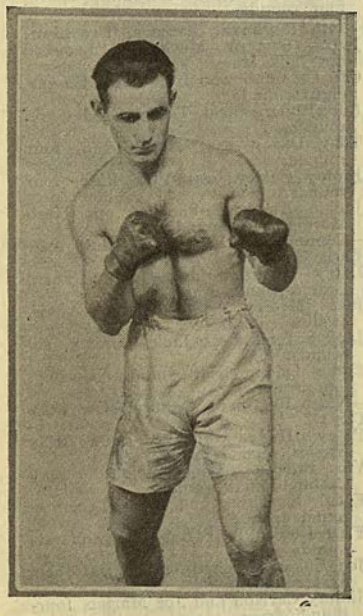


Eli Bourdon, who hails from Claremont, N. H.

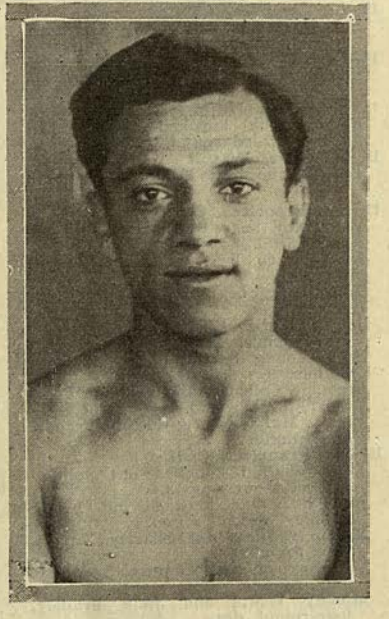
Tony Ross, junior lightweight from Detroit.



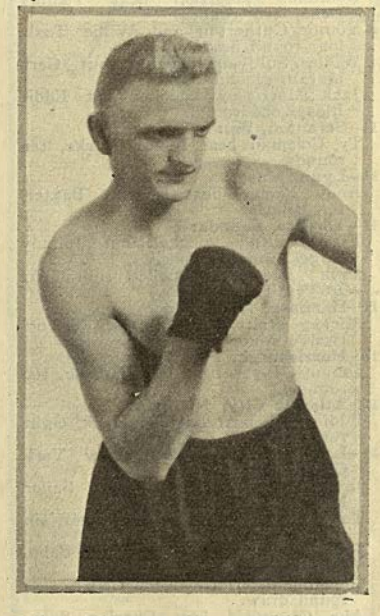
Mike Ginsberg, Boston youngster, who has been progressing rapidly



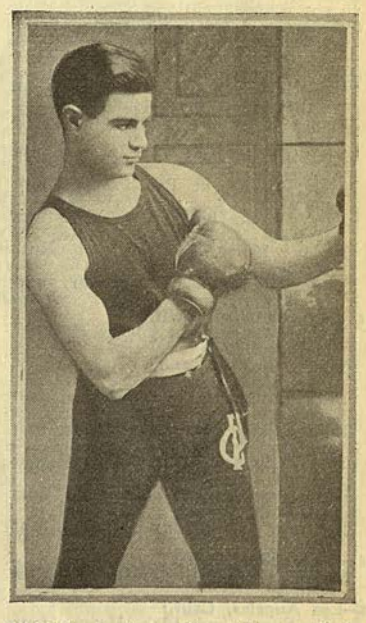
Jack Lawrence, Omaha claimant for titular honors, who belongs in the lightweight class



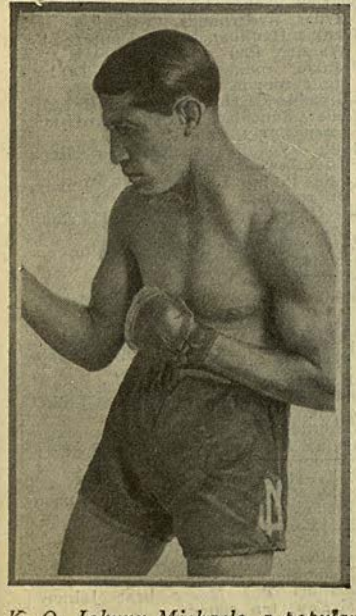
Andy Martin, former simon-pure from Boston, who is striving for recognition in the pro ranks



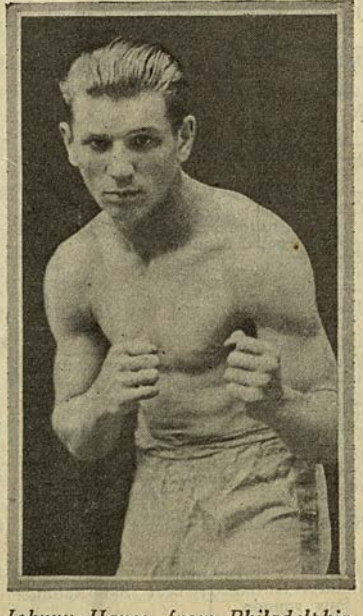
Johnny Meyers, Canton, Ohio, contender, who is cutting a wide swath among the boys in his division



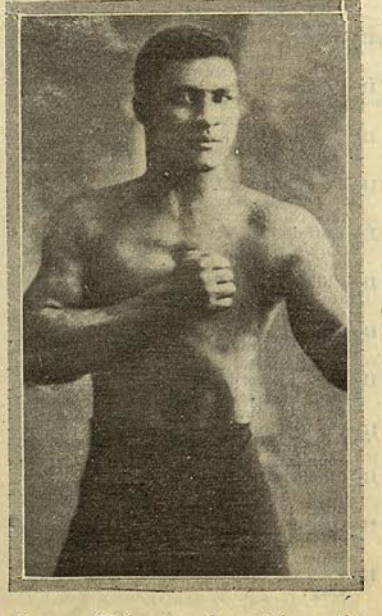
Phil Conte, from Providence, R. I., who is seeking an opportunity to display his fistic ability here



K. O. Johnny Michaels, a popular lightweight from the northern part of New York



Johnny Hayes, from Philadelphia, who is confining all of his efforts to the Sleepy City, and is fast making a name for himself



Jimmy Driggs, who claims the middleweight championship of Central America

Joey Reynolds, another future great from Atlanta, Ga., who is improving with each start

Results of Boxing Bouts

FEBRUARY

5—Stockton, Calif.:
Billy Harold beat Al Crisp, four rounds.
Pep Webster knocked out Ed Holly, third round.

6—San Francisco, Calif.:
Jimmy Delaney and Jack Reeves, four-round draw.
Vic Foley beat Eddie Kelly, four rounds.
Frankie Munroe beat Frankie McCann, four rounds.
California Joe Lynch beat Sammy Compagno, four rounds.
Charley Rodgers beat Bobby Burns, four rounds.
Billy Young beat Jimmy O'Dow, four rounds.
Johnny Lawson beat Eddie Haddon, four rounds.

6—Venice, Calif.:
Al Rubidoux and Bill Kennedy, four-round draw.

7—Tacoma, Wash.:
Eddie Roberts beat Harry Young, six rounds.

7—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Fiedel La Barbara knocked out Maurice Jafe, first round.

7—San Pedro, Calif.:
George Manley and Sailor Ritter, six-round draw.

7—Omaha, Neb.:
Morrie Schlaifer beat Jimmy Jones, ten rounds.

7—Paterson Armory, Paterson, N. J.:
Ted Jamieson beat Frank Yarchan, six rounds.

7—Fort Thomas, Ky.:
Cal "Soissons" Stevens knocked out Happy Heib, four rounds.
Spider Lewis beat Johnny Haley, six rounds.
Nick Carter beat Pat Gaynor, five rounds.
Jack Wood beat Pat Travers, four rounds.
Patsy Klein beat Kid Oder, four rounds.
Buddy Miller knocked out Noah Duttles, second round.
Jimmy Harris and Kid Tinney, four-round draw.

8—San Francisco, Calif.:
Johnny Adams beat Jimmy Hackley, four rounds.
Young Roberts and Young Terry, four-round draw.
Billy Gibbs beat Al Grayber, four rounds.
Eddie White beat Mike Doyle, four rounds.
Tom Kelly beat Benny Demske, four rounds.
Kid Louis knocked out Teddy Burnett, two rounds.
Joe Kelly beat Johnny O'Connor, four rounds.

8—Bellingham, Calif.:
Eddie Neil beat Buster Robinson, six rounds.

8—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Jack Silver and Dick Hoppe, four rounds.

8—Sacramento, Calif.:
Vic Foley beat Georgie Lee, four rounds.
Lefty Cooper knocked out Tim Vahey, second round.

8—Madison Square Garden, New York City:
Pancho Villa beat Georgie Marks, fifteen rounds.
Sonny Smith beat Pete Sarmiento, eight rounds.
Marty Silvers beat Eddie Mack, six rounds.
Buck Josephs and Jack Snyder, six-round draw.
Al Felder beat Bobby Bolin, four rounds.

8—Rochester, N. Y.:
Battling Siki beat Joe White, ten rounds.

8—Boston, Mass.:
Kid Norfolk beat Battley McCreay, ten rounds.

8—Fall River, Mass.:
Jack Green beat Georgie West, ten rounds.
Emil Paluso beat George Baxter, eight rounds.

8—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Tommy Murray and Sammy Novia, ten-round draw.

8—Worcester, Mass.:
Romeo Roche beat Young Manty, ten rounds.

8—Manchester, N. H.:
Billy Woods beat Gunboat Jack, ten rounds.

9—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Benny Valger beat Billy Defoe, twelve rounds.
Harry Mulcahy beat Johnny Lisse, twelve rounds.
Harold Abbott beat Henry Shaw, six rounds.
Murray Elkins knocked out Billy Wiley, three rounds.

9—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Vic Brog beat Jack Pry, six rounds.
Johnny Kochansky knocked out Van Alderman, four rounds.
Johnny Hamm beat Vincent Salvatore, six rounds.
Joe Glick beat Jack (Scotty) McGeehan, six rounds.
Izzy Cooper beat Frankie Caruso, six rounds.
Patsy Yodice knocked out Jimmy Clyde, first round.

9—Ninth Regiment Armory, New York City:
Jimmy Gaudy beat Babe Orlando, ten rounds.
Louis Caputo beat Tommy Fay, ten rounds.
Walter Bennett beat Jimmy Barry, six rounds.
Mickey Whealan knocked out Eddie O'Connell, second round.
Johnny Coster knocked out Johnny Konecky, second round.
Bobby Nelso beat Jimmy Brown, four rounds.

9—14th Regiment Armory, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Harry Murk knocked out Claude Hancock, seven rounds.
Dominick Mastrion beat Tommy Dean, ten rounds.
Young Cutherton and Willie Tosk, four-round draw.
Willie Sullivan knocked out Gerb Moran, second round.
Jack Morrissey knocked out Eddie Bloss, one round.

11—Scranton, Pa.:
Ty Coleman beat Bobby Burke, ten rounds.

11—Lynn, Mass.:
Andy Martin beat Charley Baxter, ten rounds.

11—Toronto, Canada:
Frankie Bull knocked out Johnny Seigel, three rounds.
Jack Reddick knocked out Art Dwyer, two rounds.

11—Harrison, N. J.:
Mickey Walters beat Charley Triano, twelve rounds.

11—Harrisburgh, Pa.:
Johnny Hayes beat Pete Husnic, ten rounds.

11—Atlantic City, N. J.:
Eddie Ochs beat Battling Mack, eight rounds.

11—Lenox Sporting Club, New York City:
Jack Delaney knocked out Sailor Martin, one round.
Tony Vacarelli beat Willie Singer, six rounds.
Jack Dorval knocked out Jack Sabo, four rounds.
Giovanni Salerno and Joe Geller, six-round draw.
Abe Greenfield beat Charley Sammarco, four rounds.

11—212th Regiment Armory, New York City:
Soldier Jones knocked out Eddie Benson, nine rounds.
Paul Fargo beat Wildman Gould, ten rounds.
Eddie Lee and Frank Konchini, six-round draw.

11—Empire A. A., Hoboken, N. J.:
Murray Layton and Wee Wee Burns, eight-round draw.

11—Lancaster, Pa:
Hoboken Joe Celmars and Jack West, ten-round draw.

11—Canton, O.:
Johnny Karr beat Jack Britton, ten rounds.

11—Trenton, N. J.:
Spencer Gardner beat Harry Gordon, ten rounds.

11—Buffalo, N. Y.:
Frankie Schoell beat Billy Sande, six rounds.

11—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Nate Goldman beat Ted Marchent, ten rounds.

11—Chicago, Ill.:
Ernie Goozeman beat Eddie Shea, ten rounds.

11—New Bedford, Mass.:
Jimmy Goodrich beat Charley Manty, ten rounds.

11—Hot Springs, Ark.:
Al Pettingill beat Bobby Hughes, ten rounds.

11—Cincinnati, O.:
Young Stribling beat Jack Schoendorf.

11—Detroit, Mich:
Bob Sage knocked out Tommy Burns, one round.

12—Pioneer Sporting Club, New York City:
Harry Mason beat Herb Brodie, twelve rounds.
Johnny Breslin beat Sammy Cohen, ten rounds.
Morris Meola and Paddy Ryan, six-round draw.
Benny Lynn knocked out Eddie Seymour, second round.
Al Scorda beat Joe White, four rounds.

12—47th Regiment Armory, Brooklyn:
Leroy Powell beat Kid Rash, ten rounds.
Jackie Marlowe beat Joe Eppy, ten rounds.

12—Stadium A. C., Jersey City:
Frankie Ash beat Johnny Buff, ten rounds.

12—Lyric Theatre, Newark, N. J.:
Battling Peach beat Tommy Wilson, eight rounds.

12—New Brunswick, N. J.:
Johnny Dixon beat Joey Baker, ten rounds.

12—Boston, Mass.:
Tommy Loughran beat Johnny Wilson, ten rounds.

12—Portland, Ore.:
Terry Parker and Jimmy (Kid) Rice, twelve-round draw.
Bing Conley knocked out Bill Dube, four rounds.

12—West Palm Beach, Fla.:
Jimmy Finley beat Battling Patrosa, ten rounds.

12—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Sid Barberian and Phil Salvatore, four-round draw.

12—Seattle, Wash.:
Bobby Harper beat Gene Cline, six rounds.

12—Santa Fe, N. M.:
Eddie Mack knocked out Wildcat Monte, third round.

12—Aberdeen, Wash.:
Ted Krache beat Mike O'Leary, six rounds.

13—San Francisco, Calif.:
Vic Foley beat Bud Hamilton, four rounds.
Kid Mexico beat Sunny Jim, four rounds.
Tom King beat Joe Martin, four rounds.
Joe McCabe beat Teddy O'Hara, four rounds.
Billy Young beat Willie Wise, four rounds.
Frenchie Coleman knocked out Peter Marr, first round.
Jimmy McLaren beat Frankie Sands, four rounds.

13—San Francisco, Calif.:
Tim Callahan knocked out Johnny Nunsen, four rounds.
Johnny Lamar knocked out Frank Bradley, second round.
Martin O'Shea beat Charley Marino, four rounds.
Vic Morrison beat Tommy Comiskey, four rounds.
Mickey White and Jack Bradley, four-round draw.
Kid Blackie knocked out Jimmy Miller, second round.
Eddie Hayes and Kid Magdie, four-round draw.
Eddie Larue and Kid Magsampol, four-round draw.

13—Venice, Calif.:
Johnny Weber beat Benny Kilroy, four rounds.

13—Mariesville, R. I.:
Bill McCreary beat Jack Taylor, twelve rounds.

13—Paris, France:
Marcell Nilles knocked out Larry Gaines, three rounds.

15—West Hoboken, N. J.:
Emanuel Lemo knocked out Izzy Cooper, seven rounds.

15—New Orleans, La.:
Gene Tunney beat Martin Burke, fifteen rounds.

15—Minneapolis, Minn.:
Fred Fulton knocked out Joe McCann, four rounds.

15—Hoboken, N. J.:
Jos. Stossel knocked out Jim Hibbard, six rounds.

15—Savannah, Ga.:
Young Stribling knocked out Roughhouse Ross, second round.

15—Madison Square Garden, New York City:
Carl Duane beat Pepper Martin, twelve rounds.
Paul Berlenbach knocked out Pat Walsh, one round.
Patsy Yodice beat Frank Powers, four rounds.
Harold Abbott and George West, six-round draw.
Joe Mandell won on a foul from Lew Snyder, three rounds.
Jimmy Hutchison beat Sid Rabin, four rounds.

15—Sacramento, Calif.:
Tommy O'Leary and George Sellis, four round draw.
Jack Sherley and Kid Bucumk, four round draw.
Norman King beat Johnny Lawson, four rounds.

15—Portland, Ore.:
Mike Dundee and Joe Gorman, ten round draw.

15—Phoenix, Ariz.:
Billy Alger beat Billy Stearns, ten rounds.
Sailor Mott beat Kid Williams, four rounds.

15—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Teddy Silva and Vic Foley, four-round draw.
Alex Maurice beat Jimmy Marcus, four rounds.

16—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, Brooklyn:
Johnny Kochansky beat Joe Glick, six rounds.
Johnny Vestri beat Irving Shapiro, six rounds.
Jackie Marlowe knocked out Frankie Caruso, first round.
Connie George beat Freddy Locke, four rounds.
Joe Malone beat Freddy Terle, four rounds.
Al Leibowitz beat Silent Lamont, four rounds.
Irving Goldberg beat Tommy Irwin, four rounds.

16—14th Regiment Armory, Brooklyn:
Jack (Scotty) McGeehan knocked out Jack Marsh, six rounds.
Cap Columbo won from Ivan Hawes, eight rounds.
Buck Duane beat Teddy Grodin, six rounds.
Tony Darcy beat Abe Cohen, four rounds.
Jimmy Coster beat Vick Rose, four rounds.
Jackie Ambrose knocked out Herb Moran, four rounds.

16—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Larry Estridge and Jack Lynch, twelve-round draw.
Jack McVey beat Barney Adair, twelve rounds.
Jack Satnick beat Jack Rafferty, six rounds.
Eddie Oliver beat Johnny Gorney, four rounds.

16—Ninth Regiment Armory, New York City:
Petey Hayes knocked out Billy Brown, second round.
Vic Burrone knocked out Sonny Cashin, fourth round.
Frank Konchina and Eddie Lee, six-round draw.
Fred Devito beat Bobby Evans, six rounds.
Joe Colon knocked out Max Cohen, first round.
Jimmy Carlson and Joe Marino, four-round draw.

18—Lenox Sporting Club, New York City:
Jeff Smith beat Jamaica Kid, twelve rounds.

18—212th Regiment Armory, New York City:
Charley Picker knocked out Jimmy Ryder, five rounds.
Frankie Houlihan knocked out Bobby Wagner, four rounds.
Frankie Cronin beat Mickey Taylor, eight rounds.

18—Broadway Exhibition Assn., Br'kl'n:
Eddie Cannonball Martin beat Buck Josephs, six rounds.
Billy Ryckoff knocked out Rock Salvo, two rounds.
Augie Pisano beat Johnny Vinney, six rounds.
Bill Henry knocked out Nat Frank, two rounds.
Eddie Paul beat Ralph Espisito, six rounds.

18—Buffalo, N. Y.:
Rocky Kansas and Jack Bernstein, ten-round draw.

18—Empire A. A., Hoboken, N. J.:
Al Leibowitz knocked out Jackie Feldman, six rounds.

18—Baltimore, Md.:
Andy Chaney beat Freddy Jacks, twelve rounds.

18—Trenton, N. J.:
Tommy Kid Murphy and Spencer Gardner, ten-round draw.

Feb. 18—Holyoke, Mass.:
Bobby Garcia knocked out Romeo Roche, two rounds.

18—St. Paul, Minn.:
Dave Shade beat Bermondsey Billy Wells, ten rounds.

18—Memphis, Tenn.:
Memphis Pal Moore beat Johnny McCoy, ten rounds.

18—Milwaukee, Wis.:
Lew Tendler beat Pinkey Mitchell, ten rounds.
Johnny Mendolsohn beat Joe Tiplitz, ten rounds.
Danny Kramer beat Joe Jawson, ten rounds.

18—Terre Haute, Ind.:
Bud Taylor beat Sammy Nable, ten rounds.

18—Lynn, Mass.:
Nate Seigel knocked out Joe Pangraze, two rounds.

18—Boston, Mass.:
Honey Boy Flanagan beat Johnny Drew, ten rounds.

18—Atlantic City, N. J.:
Battling Murray and Mickey Morris, eight-round draw.

18—Harrisburgh, Pa.:
Ray Mitchell beat Joe Marks, ten rounds.

18—Scranton, Pa.:
Teddy Meyers knocked out Lew Herman, seven rounds.
Freddy Thompson beat Tony Occipento, six rounds.

18—Toledo, O.:
Tiger Flowers knocked out Bob Lawson, ten rounds.

18—New Orleans, La.:
Eddie McKenna knocked out Jack Sharkey, eight rounds.

19—Pioneer Sporting Club, New York City:
Abe Goldstein beat Danny Edwards, ten rounds.
K. O. Phil Kaplan knocked out Fred Archer, nine rounds.
Vincent Salvatore beat Murray Layton, ten rounds.

19—47th Regiment Armory, Brooklyn:
Edwin Riley beat Ruby Stein, twelve rounds.
Midget Irla and Harry Brandon, eight round draw.

19—Passaic, N. J.:
Spark-Plug Russell beat Young Silverberg, twelve rounds.
Benny Cross knocked out Kid Barry, four rounds.

19—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Sailor Friedman beat Bobby Barrett, ten rounds.
Joe Libby beat Jack Palmer, ten rounds.

19—Boston, Mass.:
Jack Delaney beat Tommy Loughran, ten rounds.
Tommy Milton beat Young Bones, eight rounds.

19—Portland, Ore.:
Joe Reno beat Pat Mills, twelve rounds.

19—Youngstown, O.:
Add Stone knocked out Wild Bill Reed, seven rounds.

19—Troxler's, Newark, N. J.:
Jack Ritchie knocked out Buddy Dawson, five rounds.
Eddie Jene beat Johnny Britt, ten rounds.

19—Paris, France:
Charley Ledoux beat Edouard Mascart, twenty rounds.

19—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Bert Colima beat Jimmy Delaney, four rounds.
Willie O'Brien beat Harry La Barre, four rounds.

19—Seattle, Wash.:
Eddie Roberts beat Young Dudley, six rounds.
Billy Gardeau and Ritchie Davis, six-round draw.

20—Baltimore, Mad:
Mickey Papner beat Ted Merchant, fifteen rounds.

20—Lorain, O.:
Alex Hart beat Jimmy Goodrich, ten rounds.

20—Toronto, Can.:
Bobby Eber beat Curley Wilshur, ten rounds.

20—Venice, Calif.:
Sailor Liston knocked out Al Williams, first round.

20—Portland, Ore.:
Gene Cline beat Ted Krache, ten rounds.

21—Rink Sporting Club, Brooklyn:
Johnny Clinton-Pete August, no contest, five rounds.
Mike Ballerino beat Joe Souza, ten rounds.
Marty Silvers beat Tommy Lynch, ten rounds.
Freddy Locke knocked out Jack McGeenhan, one round.

21—102nd Medical Regiment Armory, New York City:
Tommy Chip knocked out Jack Pry, eight rounds.
Willie Galligan beat Joe Wright, eight rounds.

21—Laurel A. C., Newark, N. J.:
Mickey Donley beat Willie Stanton, ten rounds.
Wee Willie Burns beat Willie Woods, ten rounds.
Sailor Darden knocked out Irish Fagen, four rounds.
Joe McCartney knocked out Kid DeBellis, three rounds.

21—Waterbury, Conn.:
Lou Kid Kaplan beat Billy Defoe, twelve rounds.
Lew Chester knocked out Harry Raskin, four rounds.

21—Columbus Sporting Club, Yonkers, N. Y.:
Petey Hayes knocked out Red Cap Wilson, seven rounds.
Harry Getzel knocked out Billy Van, seven rounds.
Frankie Ritche knocked out Jackie Cope, two rounds.
Jimmy Hutchison beat Joe Scappatone, six rounds.
Frankie Curley beat Willie Duffy, four rounds.

21—Worcester, Mass.:
Scoops White beat George Kid Lee, ten rounds.

21—Cedar Rapids, Iowa:
Dago Joe Gans beat Eddie Walsh, ten rounds.

21—Ottawa, Canada:
Joe Bashara knocked out Joe Methot, one round.
Oscar Orneau knocked out Al Neiche, six rounds.

22—Montreal, Canada:
Jack Johnson beat Homer Smith, ten rounds.

22—Oakland, Calif.:
Harry Greb beat Jack Reeves, four rounds.

22—Rochester, N. Y.:
Charley O'Connell beat Tommy O'Brien, ten rounds.
Louis Dearco beat Eddie Weygant, ten rounds.

22—Syracuse, N. Y.:
Young Fisher and Al Wise, six-round draw.

22—New Bedford, Mass.:
Pal Reed beat Jack Green, ten rounds.

22—Lowell, Mass.:
Terry Parker beat Leo Kid Roy, ten rounds.

22—Portsmouth, N. H.:
Billy Woos beat Gunboat Jack, ten rounds.

23—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Kid Norfolk beat Lee Anderson, twelve rounds.
Johnny Gardner knocked out Johnny Ryan, two rounds.
Sammy Shacht beat Frankie Miff, six rounds.
Eddie McLaughlin beat Eddie Boyle, four rounds.

23—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, New York City:
Johnny Hamm beat Henny Catena, ten rounds.
Paul McCusker beat Sammy Markowitz, six rounds.
Herman Singer beat Al De Silva, four rounds.
Milton Cohen beat Eddie Harveu, four rounds.
Ives Horrelu beat Izzy Shapre, four rounds.
Marty O'Hare beat Barney Monty, four rounds.

23—Ninth Regiment Armory, New York City:
George Brown won on a foul from Bobby O'Neill, two rounds.
Mickey Taylor beat Bobby Wagner, eight rounds.
Billy Wells knocked out Jimmy Collins, third round.
Babe Orlando beat Eddie Clifford, eight rounds.
Willie Landers and Joe Marino, six-round draw.

24—Bueno Aires, South America:
Luis Firpo knocked out Farmer Lodge, five rounds.

17—Scranton, Pa.:
Joe Jackson knocked out Sailor Boland, four rounds.
Tommy Farley beat Freddy Thompson, eight rounds.
Young Reno beat Jack Coogan, six rounds.
Young Scotty beat Battling Murray, four rounds.
Young Dinlaffer and Battling Coney, four-round draw.

22—San Francisco, Calif.:
Stewart McLean beat Johnny Farr, four rounds.
Frankie Munroe beat Joe King Leopold, four rounds.
Chick Roach knocked out Indian Rogers, two rounds.
Kid Mexico beat Tom King, four rounds.
Teddy O'Hara knocked out Bobby Ward, two rounds.
Mickey O'Donnell knocked out Johnny Fiske, three rounds.
Tim Callaghan knocked out Kid Finney, one round.
Johnny McLarin knocked out Ed Collins, three rounds.

22—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Eddie Anderson beat Dandy Dillion, four rounds.

22—Sacramento, Calif.:
Dynamite Murphy beat Sammy Compango, four rounds.

22—San Francisco, Calif.:
Johnny Adams beat Eddie White, four rounds.
Dick Hoppe beat Indian Doyle, four rounds.
George Manley beat Billy Gibbs, four rounds.
Sunny Jim beat Tom Kelly, four rounds.
Joe Powell and Kid Louis, four-round draw.
Harry Wallace beat Joe Steirs, four rounds.
George Stone knocked out Kid Ciriacco, four rounds.

25—Lenox Sporting Club, New York City:
Tony Vaccareli beat Mickey Brown, six rounds.
Al Felder and Johnny Breslin, six-round draw.
Mike Satnik beat Lew Goldberg, six rounds.
Jimmy Kane beat Joe Recht, six rounds.
Johnny Green beat Jack Serafino, six rounds.

25—Broadway Exhibition Association, Brooklyn:
Sid Terris beat Billy Henry, twelve rounds.
Harry Galfund beat Soldier Bartfield, twelve rounds.

25—Hoboken, N. J.:
Johnny Dixon beat Skelly Lewis, eight rounds.

25—Buffalo, N. Y.:
Jimmy Slattery beat Young Stribling, six rounds.
Frankie Schoell beat Franke Venchell, six rounds.
Pat Mills beat Harry Cook, six rounds.

25—New Brunswick, N. J.:
Joey Silvers knocked out Jackie McCoy, three rounds.

25—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Jimmy Sacco knocked out Babe Picato, seven rounds.
Pedro Campo beat Joe Dundee, ten rounds.

25—New Haven, Conn.:
Spark-Plug Russell beat Jimmy Bones, ten rounds.
Eddie Corbett knocked out Joe Russo, four rounds.

25—Rochester, N. Y.:
K. O. Phil Kaplan and Mike Dempsey, six-round draw

25—Boston, Mass.:
Nate Seigel knocked out Felix King, seven rounds.

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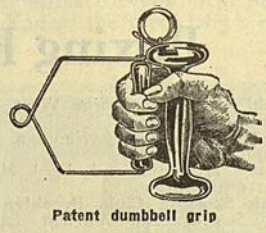

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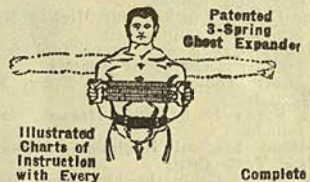

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Sung in Verse

A Psalm of Strife

(As translated from the original in the wake of the recent heavyweight carnival.)

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Strife is but an empty dream,
When the heavyweight that slumbers,
Still can get his share of cream.

Strife is real! Strife is earning!
Where the kale is still the goal;
Gold dust art to gold dust turning,
Is the slogan of each soul.

Not employment, and not sorrow,
Is their destined end or way,
But to act that each to-morrow
Finds another paying prey.

Art is long and Time is skidding,
But their hearts are never raw
When they find promoters bidding
For their punches to the jaw.

Lives of heavyweights remind us
We can also cop the tin,
And, departing, leave behind us
Glove prints on a hostile chin.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a punch no cove can block,
Still in training, still pursuing,
Learn to counter and to sock.

—Grantland Rice in New York Tribune.

To the Defeated

Though your progress through the years
Is not what you used to plan.
Though your lips are salt with tears
Keep on smiling if you can.
Try your best to keep your feet
Under grim-eyed Fate's attack;
There is honor in defeat
If you meet it fighting back.
In life's fray so play your part
Victors, as their wine they quaff,
Say "There beat a fighting heart."
Let that be your epitaph.

—Walter Trumbull in N. Y. Herald.

Boxing Bouts Results

25—Lynn, Mass.:
Jimmy Kelly beat Johnny Green, ten rounds.
25—Pittsfield, Mass.:
Tracey Ferguson knocked out Vincent Coffey, seven rounds.
25—Manchester, Mass.:
Louis Prince and Eddie Polo, ten-round draw.
25—Detroit, Mich.:
Willie Harmon knocked out Mickey Brennan, five rounds.
25—Scranton, Pa.:
Pep O'Brien beat Billy Devanney, ten rounds.
25—Pittsburgh, Pa.:
Louis Dearco beat Lou Bedell, ten rounds.
25—Columbus, O.:
Phil O'Dowd beat Mutt Snyder, twelve rounds.
26—27th Regiment Armory, Brooklyn:
Lee Wedo beat Joey Baker, twelve rounds.
26—Lyric Theatre, Newark, N. J.:
Sid Kelly and Frank Gargano, eight round draw.
26—Hartford, Conn.:
Spencer Gardner beat Tommy Lynch, twelve rounds.
Frankie Young Mack won on a foul from Pee Wee Kaiser, five rounds.
26—Boston, Mass.:
Pete Latzo beat Billy Wells, ten rounds.
26—El Paso, Texas:
Billy McCann beat Billy Stearns, twelve rounds.
26—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Young Nationalista beat Abie Gordon, four rounds.
26—Portland, Ore.:
Sid Barbarian beat Young Carmen, ten rounds.
26—Seattle, Wash.:
Tod Morgan and Joe Gorman, six-round draw.
26—San Francisco, Calif.:
Ray Tingley and Soldier Eddy, four round draw.
Kid Midgelt and Jimmy DeSmith, four-round draw.
Willie Keefer knocked out Tim Collins, two rounds.
Soldier Whitted knocked out Soldier Bergerm, two rounds.
Ned Vadnais and Bat Nelson, four-round draw.
Lee Martin beat Young Flanaigan, four rounds.
Soldier Demunt beat Bugler Brede, four rounds.
Young Sollis knocked out Soldier Goodwin, third round.
27—Baltimore, Md.:
Little Jeff beat Benny Schwartz, twelve rounds.
27—Paris, France:
Larry Gains beat Paul Journee, ten rounds.
27—Lyons, France:
Fred Bretonnel beat M. Baudry, twenty rounds.
27—Pawtucket, R. I.:
Abe Friedman won on a foul from Kid Williams, eighth round.
28—Madison Square Garden, New York City:
Ad Stone knocked out Dave Magill, eleven rounds.
Paul Berlenbach knocked out Young Fisher, six rounds.
Harold Abott and George West, six-round draw.
Mike Burke and Ray Neuman, six-round draw.
Charley McKenna and Fred Mace, four-round draw.
28—Rink Sporting Club, Brooklyn:
Jack Snyder beat Vincent Salvatore, ten rounds.
Joe Coletti knocked out Mickey Nelson, fifth round.
Jimmy Ryder won on a foul from Tommy Dean, four rounds.
Tommy Tobin beat Joe Eppy, six rounds.
Al Sorda beat Eddie Harvey, four rounds.
28—102nd Medical Regiment Armory, New York City:
Wildman Gould knocked out Paul Fargo, four rounds.
Billy Wells beat Joe Zink, eight rounds.
Vincent Sanchez knocked out Eddie Knott, second round.
29—Berlin, Germany:
George Cook knocked out Guiseppe Spalla, sixth round.
29—Wilkesbarre, Pa.:
Tom Cowler knocked out Jack Hogan, four rounds.
Tommy Rollo knocked out Jack Brown, one round.
29—Sacramento, Calif.:
Tommy O'Leary beat Johnny McManus, four rounds.
Marty Burman beat Johnny Burns, four rounds.
29—Phoenix, Ariz.:
Young Williams knocked out Sailor Mott, second round.
29—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Vic Foley beat Dandy Dick Griffin, four rounds.
29—Kellogg, Ind.:
Bill Dearing beat Rocco Stramaglia, twelve rounds.
29—Oklahoma City, Okla.:
Henie Hendricks knocked out Jimmy Carroll, third round.
29—Hanford, Calif.:
Franal Ruffles knocked out Duke Andrews, first round.

MARCH

1—Ninth Regiment Armory, New York City:
Sonny Cashin beat Vic Burrone, eight rounds.
Petey Hayes beat Buddy Wallace, ten rounds.
Kid Bates beat Jack Marsh, six rounds.
Mickey Whalen beat Johnny Coster, four rounds.
Dutch Eckhardt knocked out Paul Berger, first round.
1—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Augie Ratner beat Larry Estridge, twelve rounds.
Pat Mills beat Willie Doyle, twelve rounds.
Sammy Shacht beat Ivans Hawes, four rounds.
Willie Oliver and Johnny Gorney, six-round draw.
1—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, Brooklyn:
Joey Silvers beat Frankie Edwards, six rounds.
Joe Glick beat Jimmy Hutchison, six rounds.
Jackie Marlowe beat Irving Shapiro, six rounds.
Lew Perfetti beat Felix Friedman, six rounds.
Jackie Coburn and Joe Celmars, six-rounds draw.
Ritchie Holmes knocked out Rudy Miller, third round.
1—105 Regiment Armory, New York City:
Tommy Chip beat Charley Murray, ten rounds.
Nick Mercer beat Murray Bressner, eight rounds.
3—Broadway Exhibition Assn., Brooklyn:
Paul Berlenbach knocked out Jimmy Darcy, three rounds.
Eddie Paul beat Izzy Sharpe, six rounds.
Jackie Gordon beat Jackie Harris, six rounds.
Al Pollio beat Irish Tommy Irwin, six rounds.
Arthur Bell beat Willie Tucker, four rounds.
3—Lenox Sporting Club, New York City:
Bud Dempsey beat Irish Johnny Curtin, twelve rounds.
Joe Savoila and Joe Scogni, ten-round draw.
3—212th Regiment Armory, New York City:
Kid Bates beat Louis Caputo, ten rounds.
Joe Retcht knocked out George Brown, one round.
Jackie Marlowe beat Kid Rash, eight rounds.
Johnny Mace and Jim Mace, eight-round draw.
round draw.
Wildman Gould beat Tommy Marks, ten rounds.
3—Detroit, Mich.:
Mickey Walker knocked out Eddie Billings, five rounds.
3—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Eddie (Kid) Wagner beat Harry (Kid) Brown, ten rounds.
Johnny Griffin and Jack Melvin, ten-round draw.
3—Baltimore, Md.:
Bobby Garcia and Cuddy DeMarco, ten-round draw.
3—Buffalo, N. Y.:
Tommy Ryan and Carl Tremaine, ten-round draw.
Mike Dempsey beat Jack Oakes, ten rounds.
Art Weigand knocked out Chief Halftown, one round.
Johnny Sacco and Jack Warman, four-round draw.
3—Buffalo, N. Y.:
Jimmy Goodrich and Teddy Meyers, ten-round draw.
Freddy Thompson beat Tony Occipenti, eight rounds.
3—Empire A. A., Hoboken:
Mickey Lewis beat Al Leibowitz, eight rounds.
3—Lynn, Mass.:
Johnny Sheppard beat Abe Friedman, ten rounds.
3—Manchester, N. H.:
Ted Coolidge beat Leo Taylor, ten rounds.
3—Pittsburgh, Pa.:
Vic Brog beat Vincent Porkoni, ten rounds.
3—Chicago, Ill.:
Joey Sanger beat Teddy Shea, ten rounds.
3—Hot Springs, Ark.:
Charley Neshart beat Pat Keener, ten rounds.
4—Pioneer Sporting Club, New York City:
Benny Valger beat Bud Chriastiano, ten rounds.
Babe Herman beat Tommy Noble, ten rounds.
Sammy Cohen and Leroy Powell, ten-round draw.
4—27th Regiment Armory, Brooklyn:
Joe Glick beat Young Diamond, twelve rounds.
Frankie Cronin beat Joe Eppy, eight rounds.
4—Lyric A. A., Newark:
Larry Roach beat Mickey Delmont, eight rounds.
4—Albany, N. Y.:
Archie Walker beat Nick Young Testo, twelve rounds.
Marty Mandeville knocked out Johnny Holmes, one round.
4—Allentown, Pa.:
Lou Bogash knocked out Pat Walsh, two rounds.
4—Portland, Ore.:
Johnny McIntyre knocked out Spike Hennessy, four rounds.
4—Marlesville, R. I.:
Alex Hart beat Eight Bal Dixon, ten rounds.
3—Trenton, N. J.:
Johnny Buff and Emil Paluso, ten-
5—Baltimore, Md.:
Charley Holman beat Earl Puryear, ten rounds.
5—Eldorado, Ark.:
Memphis Pal Moore beat Bobby Hughes, ten rounds.
5—Orkland, Calif.:
Bermondsey Billy Wells and Jimmy Duffy, four rounds.
Dynamite Murphy beat Bobby Dyson, four rounds.
6—Rink Sporting Club, Brooklyn:
Johnny Clinton beat Harry Mason, twelve rounds.
Herman Kid Silver beat Joe Souza, twelve rounds.
6—102nd Medical Regiment Armory, New York City:
Tommy McAleer beat George Bush, six rounds.
Bobby Green beat Ivan Hawes, eight rounds.
6—Columbus Sporting Club, Yonkers, N. Y.:
Al Norton and Jimmy Kelly, twelve-round draw.
Lew Chester and Joe Cavalier, eight-round draw.
6—Laurel Gardens, Newark, N. J.:
Bobby Michaels beat Mickey Donley, ten rounds.
Philly Lewis beat Buck Thomas, seven rounds.
Joe McCartney beat Charley Arthurs, ten rounds.
6—Paterson, N. J.:
Jimmy Mendo and Pete Zivic, ten-round draw.
6—Tamaqua, Pa.:
Ad Stone knocked out Frankie Britton, one round.

(Continued on page 36)

Minute Rests Between Rounds

By EDDIE BORDEN

THE National Sports Alliance under the leadership of James J. Johnston is making rapid headway, and is engaged in a house cleaning campaign to uplift all professional sports, particularly boxing.

The object of the National Sports Alliance is to provide an official voice in all matters pertaining to professional sports, to unite all interests in one organization for their general advancement and protection, and to promote more harmonious conditions among promoters, managers of boxers, boxers, and the general sporting public. Its outstanding aim is to keep all sports, the main objective being boxing, clean.

Those who are directly connected with the professional sport and whose chief source of income is derived from such basis, should fall in line and join the Alliance.

All informaiton regarding above may be secured at the National Sports Alliance office at the Putnam Building, Broadway and 43d St., New York City, through the corresponding secretary, James Sullivan.

* * *

Petey Hayes, the fast rising lightweight, who gained two notable victories to his credit within the last two weeks by beating Paul Fargo and knocking out Red Cap Wilson, is seeking further recognition. He would like to meet either Pal Moran or Lew Tendler.

* * *

Jackie Brady, younger brother of the one time noted lightweight, Ralph Brady, is sure that he will supplant his most famous brother in the affection of the local fans after a few more starts. In four starts he has beaten Joe Glick, Harry Felix, Willie Garber, and was beaten by Joey Silvers. He has also fought Kid Roy of Montreal, and held Bobby Garcia on even terms.

* * *

Pietro Corri, the Alpine Mountaineer, who was brought to this country by Jimmy Marsh, to dispose of all good heavyweights, has announced his readiness to mingle in combat with the various contenders for Jack Dempsey's crown. Corri has a one-round knockout over Giuseppe Spalli, Ermino's brother, and also a victory over Marcel Nilles.

* * *

Johnny Hamm, sensational Pittsburgh youngster, who has grown into one of the best individual drawing cards around the Brooklyn clubs, put up the best fight when he took Henny Catena, the National Guard champion, into camp over the ten-round route at the Ridgewood Club a short time ago. Johnny has the fortunate faculty of making friends. In addition to his pleasing style of battling he possesses personality.

Lew Kreger, one time amateur champion, who is making strenuous efforts to attempt a "comeback" seems to have his intentions thwarted in many curious and unavoidable ways. He was booked at the Broadway Club of Brooklyn and his opponent failed to make an appearance. A week later he was matched at the Rink Sporting Club and suffered a cut eye in training, which necessitated his laying off for several weeks. He is just as confident as ever in his ability.

Jack Snyder, another promising youngster from Brownsville, is upholding the predictions made by many experts through the medium of two good fists and a good fighting head. Jack, in 35 professional battles, has 31 decisions, and was held to a draw four times. Those who have held him even are Kid Lewis,

"Jockey" Joe Dillon, the junior flyweight who hails from New York City. Joe is one of the smallest fighters in the ring.

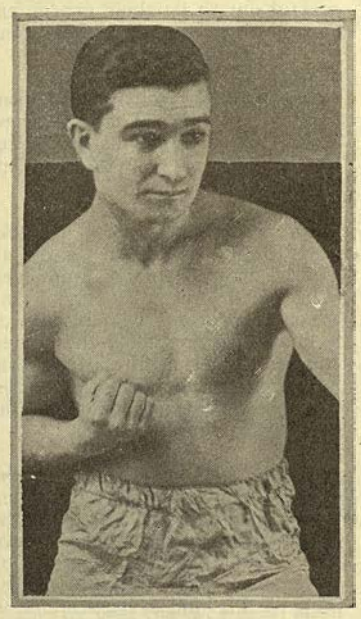
Herman Silver, Buck Josephs and Nat Pincus.

Enrique Savardo, fighting Filipino, who greatly resembles the inimitable Pancho Villa in action, has left the management of Bob Levy, and in the future will be looked after by "Doc" Paris. Levy is busy looking after the hectic affairs of Battling Siki, and has no time to indulge in outside activities.

Frank Laureate, the Troy Thunderbolt, who has been making quite a name for himself up-state, has hooked up with Charley Wolfe, formerly of New York City but now making his home in Troy. Laureate has compiled an enviable record. He has won over some of our best welterweights, and will most likely make his debut here shortly. He has beaten Soldier Bartfield, Italian Joe Gans, Jimmy Kelly, Alex Trambitas, and has knockouts over Vince Coffey and Red Mack.

Joey Silvers, the lanky Brooklyn youngster, who looms up as one of the greatest local prospects developed in a decade, continues to improve in each succeeding bout. In his last five starts he has beaten Dutch Brandt, Ruby Stein, Jackie Brady, Red Cap Wilson, and knocked out Jackie McCoy.

From newspaper clippings advanced by Bobby Dillon, who manages the affairs of Chick Kansas, Bobby indignantly denies that his charge was beaten by Charley Goodman, the Brooklyn bantamweight, in their recent tilt at Trenton, N. J. The Ring in the previous month credited Goodman with winning the award, which was a no-decision contest. Every local paper gives Kansas the verdict by a clear margin.



Frankie Murray, Philadelphia leading flyweight contender, who gave Pancho Villa a hard fight on the Filipino's arrival here.

Paddy Mullins, the Sphinx mentor of Harry Wills, foremost contender for the title that adorns the worthy head of Jack Dempsey, has begun an accumulation of fistic stars that should shine bright when the summer season rolls around. Paddy has acquired Benny Valger, the French Flash, Dundee's nemesis, Tommy O'Brien, Chicago's hard hitting lightweight, who knocked out Elino Flores, and Herb Brodie, 140 lbs. of dynamite in his right mitt. In addition he also handles Pat Walsh, middleweight, and Sammy Cohen, East side's worthy flyweight aspirant.

Sid Terris, east side flash, has made rapid headway in his recent conquests. He took the measure of Billy Henry of Chicago, Jack Hausner of New York, through the decision route and knocked out Johnny Lisse in seven rounds. Terris has regained the following that vanished when he succumbed to Eddie Kid Wagner, and at this moment they are anticipating a return match for their Ghetto hero.

The Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club of Brooklyn, through the capable managership of Andy Niederreiter, disapproves all theories that the boxing game is on a decline as evidenced by crowds that have turned out to witness his boxing matches. Andy has the distinction of having sold out his entire house for the past nine shows long before the first bout was put on.

Tony Kelly, who gave up his string of battlers to become the matchmaker of the Rink Sporting Club, reports that things are prospering beyond expectation and that his club will soon rival Madison Square Garden. The Rink arena has the largest seating capacity of any club in Brooklyn. It is second only to the Garden in Greater New York.

Eddie (Cannonball) Martin, the fistic dynamo of Brooklyn, and heralded by many as the "second Terry McGovern" still remains unconquered in local circles. The probabilities are that he will remain unvanquished for some time to come. He has piled up forty-five straight victories to date, his last three victims being Sonny Smith, Midget Smith and Buck Josephs.

Joe McCartney and Bobby Vernon, two mittsters from Orange, N. J., are eager to hook up with better competition and would be glad to hear from outside clubs. McCartney is a middleweight above the average in ability, while Vernon is a lightweight. who has beaten the best boys in the locality.

Clonie Tait, Canadian Lightweight Champion, is still awaiting an answer to his challenge directed to Benny Leonard for a championship engagement. Tait has eliminated all possible opposition in the lightweight ranks and is after the biggest of them all, Leonard. Tait is a good fighter and always pleases the sport's followers. He deserves a crack at Leonard or the leading figures in his division.

PHILIPPINE BOXING NOTES

By CARMELO P. JACINTO

Battling Candelosa battered Kid Cobarrubias into submission in a fiery ten-round encounter recently at the Manila Olympic Stadium. Candelosa, by his superior skill, speed and science, emerged a popular victor.

Valentin Balet, in a brilliant comeback, recently sent David Mijares into dreamland with a right hook and uppercut.

Kid Limbaco is cutting a wide swath among the preliminary flyweights in Manila. He is coming along like a tornado. He re-

cently drew with A. Carreon, another 112-pounder.

Kid Pelky, Filipino lightweight, has returned to Manila with an enviable record of nine straight K. O. victories, all won at Singapore, Federated Malay States. The Kid has a terrific punch in both hands.

The Elino Flores-Kid Pelkey fight here went the full limit. Elino, of course, was the victor. Disdaining Pelky's "Mary Ann," he did a little punching himself and sent the K. O. King of Malaysia down twice—once in the second frame and again for a seven-count in the eighth. Elino won all the rounds and walked off with the laurel wreath.

Friday afternoon, Jan. 4, 1924, the three Filipino pilgrims to Australia, arrived on the S. S. St. Albans with their mentors. Irineo Flores, brother of Elino and welter king; Terry Pandong and Macario Villon, rivals for the feather belt of the Orient; C. L. Moreno, Irineo's Terry's manager; and Bebeng (Bernabe) Gutierrez, Villon's boxing guide, were welcomed by a host of friends.

Their arrival reinforced the feather and lightweight divisions, inasmuch as Terry Pandong is a legitimate feather, Villon, a light-feather, and Irineo, a light-welter.

Candelosa gave F. de Veyra a boxing lesson and several photos of the "twinkle, twinkle little star" variety. Throughout the 12-round mill Candelosa's dazzling speed and well-timed punches puzzled the tough de Veyra.

Jamito packed up and marched to Singapore on board the ship "Victoria" on Jan. 7th. After three bouts there he left for Australia.

On Jan. 12, Joe Suzara, after a long lay-off, brilliantly battled a draw with the classy Rufe Canon in ten rounds. There were no knockdowns.

In the second event, Mariano Adrians, now a lightweight, trounced Kid Pelky in ten rounds, which were rather tame.

Kid Pelky has returned to Singapore to do battle with Silvino Jamito. His contract runs to five bouts. He expects to journey to Australia after the contract ends, probably with Jamito, where Jack Munroe is offering him fine terms. Cominador Santos, a local feather, went with him.

SOUTH ATLANTIC NOTES

Billy Lotz, of Atlanta, veteran handler and manager of boxers, whose experience dates back to the bare knuckle days, when he was actively engaged in the pastime around Cincinnati, O., just cannot resist handling a boxer or two, even though he is one of Atlanta's successful businessmen.

Billy has gathered a classy bunch of mitt tossers. In the aggregation are Larry Aver, one of the cleverest junior welters in the south and undoubtedly the greatest defensive boxer in Dixie. Freddie Boode, who has fought all the featherweights in the middle west and the south. Bobby Lux, lightweight champion of the Fourth Army Corps, and Chick Branch, the Battling Nelson of the south.

When Young Stribling kayoed "Not So Rough House" Ross recently at Savannah, Ga., through the medium of Duke Barry, a sterling referee was uncovered in Hank O'Day of Jacksonville, Fla. This O'Day is not the veteran umpire of baseball fame as many were under the impression, but is the referee who handles all the bouts in his home city. O'Day, is in our opinion, one of the best, if not the best of any third official we have seen in the south. O'Day's work is without a flaw and from now on we predict that he will be in greater demand all through the south.

Freddie Boode, now of Atlanta, is anxious to mingle with Lew Silver of the same village. So is Lukie Tenner, now of Savannah, but Silver's managers are extremely careful not to let their charge encounter any boy, who they think can defeat Silver.

Walk Miller, promoter and manager of Atlanta, is now in New York, with his dusky battler, Tiger Flowers, the negro with "a thousand gloves."

Harry O'Keefe's place in Jacksonville, Fla., is the mecca for all boxers, managers and promoters, either north or south bound. Any boxer or manager who is anxious to know anything about the boxing situation can get all the information he desires, by addressing this gentleman, the leading sportsman of the gateway to Florida.

Young Stribling's defeat at the hands of Jimmy Slattery at Buffalo, N. Y., was a severe jolt to southern admirers of the Macon school boy. But, ringwise veterans of these parts were expecting something of this kind to happen, due to his parents keeping the boy so busily engaged that he has had no proper rest.

What Young Stribling needs is several weeks of good rest. When he returns to the ring, the vacation will show conclusively that he is still the great boxer, southern fans believe him to be.

The Larry Avera-Young Wallace melee scheduled to take place here was called off at the eleventh hour, due to Wallace taking sick. The New Orleans boxer had a fever of over one hundred and the club physician refused to allow the bout to take place. But that was unnecessary, as Wallace was unable to leave his sick bed.

LOS ANGELES NOTES
By GEORGE HUSSEY

Johnnie Reisler, the crack 130 pounder from New York, is a busy boy here. He boxes every week and the best of it is that he wins regularly. He is a crowd pleaser as the fan craves action and Reisler sure gives it. He has fought the best in his class here. He stopped Johnny Sollis the crack northern boy in ten seconds and did it in grand style, and to top it all off, he is the Daddy of a dandy nine pound girl. Mother and child are doing well, so no wonder Johnnie is proud.

Mike Collins, who came here some months ago with three crack boys is as busy as a house fly. Mike has Johnny O'Donnell, Jimmy Delaney and Stewart McLean, three very classy boys, and he has them on the go all the time. Those three pack the fight sheds at each show.

Dick Donald, the grand old man of the ring, has the Lyceum Club and has about all he can attend to handling the vast crowd of boxers training there. He has no less than 200 boys working out every day. That is about the size of the Shelby crowd.

Al McCoy, one of the vast number of middleweights who were champions, is spending the winter here. Al was introduced at The Vernon Coliseum and received the usual hand given all eastern boys—rounds of applause.

Mushy Callahan, the newsboy boxer and ring hustler, is winning his way to a main eventer. He is smacking them over as regular as clock work. Pretty nice for a beginner to work his way from curtain raiser to fourth place on a card in three months. Mushy has a wonderful future if he watches his step.

Little Danny Kramer is about to take a flyer back east as none of the boys his weight out here are in his class. His mighty left hand, which is T. N. T., ran him out of customers. Even the lightweight boys respect him.

Joe Benjamin has pulled the old comeback to a fair thee well. Joe never boxed better in his life than now, and he will make any of the lightweights step. I have watched Joe from his start and he sure is going great. He won from Phil Salvidore at Vernon and during the four rounds he showed class. To drop Salvidore is some feat and Joe did it.

Pop Hanlon, who handles many boys, says that to be a constant winner a lad must take as good care of himself between fights as he does in his training. I agree with Pop and the remark is a good one if some or all boxers would take heed to that they would be in the big money in jig time. Think it over boys.

Phil Salvidore, who lost to Joe Benjamin recently, is a credit to the game. Phil is a gentleman both in and out of the ring. He has been boxing often of late and the old rest cure is the proper thing. Phil has many good battles under his skin yet and is in condition at all times. He will come back and beat a lot of the best yet.

Tom Andrews, one of the greatest students of the game, has left for his home town, Milwaukee. Tom spent several months out here and made many friends. He was in a local hospital for six weeks with blood poison caused by a barber removing an ingrown hair. From now on Tom says he will shove the Wade and Butcher over the Rand, McNally himself.

Jack Doyle lines up about the classiest bunch of business men at his club. You can see the leading merchants of Los Angeles at the ringside. They take great interest in the boys. Jack says that they reserve their seats not by the week but by the year and many have their names on their chairs. IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE.

Jockey Dillon, well known in the east and a very popular boy out here, was presented with a loving cup by the Italian fans. Jockey is pleased with it and holds it as a treasure.

Dick Dusenberry, the man who built Jack Doyle's $100,000 Vernon Coliseum and one of the leading sportsmen of the west, very seldom misses a show. Dick says boxing is just the thing to keep your wits on edge.

Wad Wadhams, the Vernon matchmaker, has lined up some high class cards for the next two months. Wad believes in giving the fans the best in the land. He is to the Vernon fans what Babe Ruth is to the Yanks. Everything.

One-Eyed Connelly, the gate crasher of international fame, told over the radio his experince at the gate of the Wampus ball at San Francisco last month. One-Eye says that if all fights were as easy to crash as that shindig he would crowd the referee out of the ring. His sweet voice over the radio sounded just like a lot of lumber falling off a flat car.

NEW ORLEANS GOSSIP
By CLIFF ABBO

Jack Dempsey, world's heavyweight champion, appeared here in a six round exhibition in the eary part of February and the program was attended by a capacity crowd. Promotor Frankie Edwards staged the affair at his Coliseum arena, he giving up $5,000 for the champion's services. Dempsey went on a hunt down the river for a few days and returned and seconded Martin Burke in his fight against Gene Tunney on February 15.

Jack Kearns, manager of the champion, was very frank in his interviews regarding Dempsey's future operations. The champion will continue on this exhibition tour primarily to drag in enough kopecks to take care of his income tax for 1924. It will also serve to keep him in shape for his proposed clash with Luis Firpo on July 4. Kearns admitted to friends here that this

would be the date of the next Dempsey clash.

Gene Tunney established a precedent for a titleholder. He came into Louisiana and fought a native son in New Orleans with a New Orleans referee deciding the American light heavyweight championship. He only drew down $3,500 guarantee with a privilege of 30 per cent for his services, another precedent. Joe Lynch, who fought Eddie McKenna in an exhibition here recently, got $3,500 for a ten round no decision affair.

Champion Joe Lynch lost the newspaper decision to McKenna, but it was apparent that the champion could have cut loose at any stage of the fray and disposed of the veteran.

The finis was permanently written to the career of the veteran, Young Denny, who has campaigned in numerous battles around the country for some twelve years. He went up against the young Tarzan, Young Marullo, and was stopped in five rounds. This is the fifth straight knockout for Marullo and they are now talking of matching him against Frank Carbone.

Tommy Freeman continued his string of wins in a local ring when he easily defeated Jimmy Cox in a fifteen rounder. He had Cox on the verge of a knockout in the latter rounds.

Battling Siki made his appearance here against the bulky Battling Owens and received a neat pummelling in fifteen rounds last month. The charm of New Orlean's Latin Quarter had a peculiar appeal for the wild man from Senegal. He was missing some five days and reported everywhere but the right place. He found the nectar on Rue Rampart very palatable.

Billy Gibson, manager of Benny Leonard and Gene Tunney, had his annual fling at the ponies here. He makes his visit usually about January or February each season.

Jack Sharkey was matched with Eddie McKenna here, but called the bout off because of lack of condition, he said. He went to Hot Springs.

Joe Matranga, New Orleans knockout specialist, returned home after a visit of six months in the East and issued a challenge to Basil Galiano, Southern lightweight champion. Promoter Dominick Tortorich is willing to stage the fifteen rounder between this pair on March 17, the day of the Louisiana Derby.

Galiano defeated Charlie Pitts of Australia and Jimmy Sacco of California in recent bouts here. Both fighters made miserable showings and were no match for the Southern battler.

Mickey Forkins, Chicago welterweight, and his manager, Jimmy Anderson were suspended a year by the Louisiana boxing commission for an attempt to "hold up" the Young Mens Gymnastic Club at the last minute.

Charlie Feraci, junior lightweight of New Orleans, is having a great deal of difficulty getting opponents. Every man around this section has passed up Feraci, and Adam Serpas, his manager, plans to bring him back East again.

HEARD IN INDIANA
By HARRY L. AIN

The news of Eddie O'Dowd's victory over Bud Taylor, the local pride, at Columbus, dropped like a bombshell over this town. This was Taylor's first defeat since fighting Frankie Genaro about a year ago. Fans are clamoring for a return bout and George Grammel, Terre Haute promoter, is making a hard effort to bring the two together again.

In one of the most sensational fights held at Terre Haute, Joe Cooper, rugged farmer lightweight of West York, decisively beat Jackie Barnheart, local lightweight, in a ten-round bout on Feb. 15. Cooper caught Barnheart with a smashing right cross to the chin that made Jackie take the count of nine. On getting up another punch dropped him again like a ton of coal and only the bell saved him at the count of eight. From then on Barnheart showed one of the gamest exhibitions that was ever seen in Terre Haute. The tenth opened with Jackie again taking a count of nine but he was there at the finish, with the fans in a tumult.

In the semi-final Maxie Epstein of Indianapolis had the best of Dicky Osborne of Shelbyville in eight rounds. Battling Murray of Indianapolis bested Battling Fields of Camp Knox, Ky. in another eight-round encounter and Young Sunbeam had the better of the four-round opener over Battling Budd, both local boys.

A boy who is making rapid advances is Solly Rosenberg, local featherweight and former interscholastic champion of Indiana. With good handling and proper trainers, he is bound to ripen into one of the best featherweights seen around here in many a day.

Joe Fishman, former captain of Wiley High School boxing team and state amateur champion, won the intercollegiate championship at the University of Illinois which he is attending. He will soon make his professional debut in Terre Haute. He hopes to work his way through college with his fists. He will box at 124 pounds, under the monicker of "Mickey O'Brien."

Over three hundred entries were received for the Indiana-Kentucky amateur meet to be held at Indianapolis Feb. 21, 22 and 23.

Bud Taylor gave Sammy Nable an artistic lacing in their ten-round bout at Indianapolis before a capacity hall on Jan. 18. Nable hit the rosin twice in the first round, once for the count of four and again when the bell rang at the count of six. Taylor, wild from the start, was on top of Nable all the time, giving the East Sider little chance to get set. In justice to Nable, he put up a better fight against Taylor than any other bantam around these parts has in many a day.

In the other six-round bouts, Solly Rosenberg, Terre Haute, beat Fighting Ferrerris of Fort Thomas, Ky.; Maxie Epstein, Indianapolis, K. O.'d Young Tracy of Cincy in three rounds; Johnny Sawyer outpointed Harry Dempsey; Irish Mickey Cone of Kokomo lost to Jimmy Sayre of Indianapolis, and Jackie Cobble fought a draw with Jimmy McDermott, both of Terre Haute.

Credit should be given to Steve Harter for the calibre of shows he produces. Almost at every show the S. R. O. sign is put on long before the first bout is in action.

NOTES FROM FLORIDA AND OTHER POINTS

Jimmy Finley, welterweight champion of the south; middleweight and welterweight champion of Cuba, will be before this reaches the eyes of the public on his way north. This boxer will make a tour that will cover the middle-west and eastern boxing centers.

With the passing of Finley from southern rings, the fans will lose one of their best attractions, for everytime that the popular boxing idol of the south, was scheduled to appear, the fans knew that they would not only get their money's worth, but were assured of some high class ring work. Although, Finley will be sadly missed throughout the south, the fans, promoters and others wish him well on the tour that has been mapped out for the "Kentucky Wonder."

The ultimate object of Finley's northern trip is to seek a bout with Mickey Walker, for the world's welterweight championship. Efforts were made to get Walker to journey south and mingle with the pride of Dixie, but these plans were dropped, when Governor Hardee of Florida, issued his edict against nationally known boxers appearing in rings of his state.

Duke Barry, who put the punch in boxing in a number of southern cities, not only by staging some excellent shows and gathering together the best boys of the south to appear in contests, but for his timely and snappy fight stories which have appeared in a number of southern papers, has released all his boxers, excepting his ace, Jimmy Finley, and will manage the star battler of the south, not only on his northern invasion, but for a number of years to come.

When Young Stribling defeated Billy Shade at Atlanta, a short time ago, the pair drew the biggest gate, three times over, that ever crowded into the big city auditorium. The gross receipts amounted to $10,065.65. This record attendance may be the high water mark for years to come.

Lukie Tenner, the southern featherweight champion, will go under the exclusive management of his brother Sol, with Barry leaving for the north. Mighty bad, that this little battler always has to go out of his class to get bouts.

The best fight center in the state of Florida is undoubtedly Tampa. The shows are conducted on an up-to-date manner and draw the biggest gates in the south. Captain Sam Harrison is the matchmaker and Ray Parmely, holds an advisory position to Harrison. Its worth the price any ol' time to see these shows, wherein is featured a Cuban against an American boy. And that's the usual run of their matches. They go over in big time style.

Jacksonville, Fla. is an ideal place for boxing shows, but that lets it out. The shows are held by the National Guard, with Billy Dawson as the matchmaker. Wise boxing fans who pay the price will not fall for the brand of shows put on in the gateway city. Better attractions are needed.

Savannah, Ga. fans still think the world and all of ex-champion Jack Britton. It was in the sea port city that Jack really got his first start. Always a quiet well behaved chap, Jack was no exception during his "kid" days. The former champion can secure a bout there any old time he says the word and it's a goregone conclusion that he would pack them in again, just like he formerly did. Why not give them another peek Jack?

With Eric Nelson at the head of promoting shows in Atlanta, Ga., fight fans can feel assured that they will see some excellent encounters. Nelson plays the game in big time style, nothing is too big for him to go after. Eric is now endeavoring to secure Berlenbach and Young Stribling for an attraction later on. Such a bout would jam the huge scrap arena in that city.

Young Stribling is a vastly improved boy since his encounter with Mike McTigue at Columbus, Ga. That the Irishman will go down to defeat is the opinion of Duke Barry, who was closely associated with Stribling, McTigue et al, during their melee. Barry, handled the publicity for that encounter and knows whereof he speaks.

Lew Silver lost the decision to Del Pino, the Cuban at Tampa, recently in a hard fought contest. The Atlanta boy took a sound pasting from the Cuban, altho, Silver practically came in at catchweights. Lukie Tenner challeged the winner. Should this

bout be arranged, Tenner will again be spotting his adversary at least eight pounds.

When Jimmy Finley, defeated Kid Charol of Havana for the Cuban middleweight title, he thought that the fans intended doing him bodily harm after he received the decision. Before Jimmy could change into street attire, he was mobbed by thousands of Cubans and carried through the streets of Havana on the shoulders of the fans.

Jeff Gaffney, the peppery little matchmaker for the American Legion at Lake Worth, Fla., is after Mickey Walker to come south and mingle with Norm Genet, the Akron, O. fighter who is making West Palm Beach his home during the winter. Jeff, evidently does not care a whit about Governor Hardee's ultimatum.

BUFFALO NOTES
By HUGH SHANNON

Tommy Ryan boxed rings around Carl Tremaine, the crack Cleveland bantam, in a stirring ten-round bout here on March 3. The newspapers were unanimous in giving Ryan the verdict and panned the finding of the judges which was a draw. How anyone who knows a single thing about boxing could call the fight a draw was beyond the imagination of the fans, who hooted and howled at the ridiculous verdict.

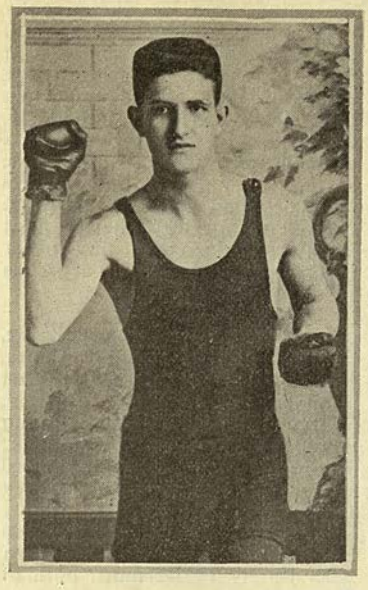
Ryan beat Carl Tremaine at everything and outwitted him in every trick in the game. Ryan scored a quick knockdown in the third round.

As Ryan has whipped Irish Johnny Curtin, Joe Burman, Abe Goldstein, Terry Martin and other good bantams, it's a foregone conclusion that Joe Lynch must now recognize him for a title match.

The recent Young Stribling-Jimmy Slattery scrap drew the largest gate in Buffalo's boxing history. The house totaled $27,000 and the crowd was one of the biggest that ever attended a fight here. This is a remarkable gate when one stops to think that the bout was only a six round affair and the prices were from $2.20 to $11, which included war tax.

The judges gave Slattery the decision over Stribling but a draw verdict was the very worst the Southerner should have received. In the writer's opinion Stribling had a slight edge the best of that battle, but nevertheless "Slats" got the verdict officially and that's what counts in the records.

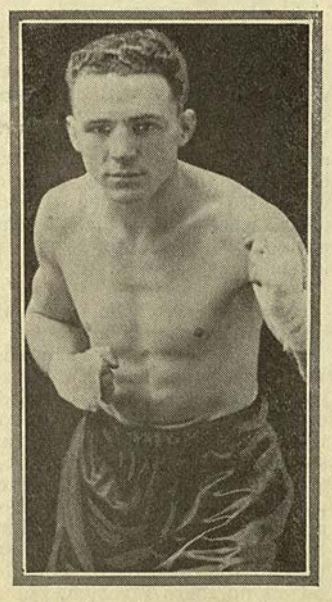
Stribling did not make any big hit here. The fans all think he is a boxer of promise but he is not a champion yet. Slattery is a phenomenal card in Buffalo, but whether he can go over the twelve and fifteen round route and beat good fighters remains to be seen. Previous to the Stribling fight Joe Eagan, the veteran Boston middleweight, won a decision over Slattery by a good margin. "Slats" boxed much better against Stribling that he did Eagan, however, and was in far better condition.



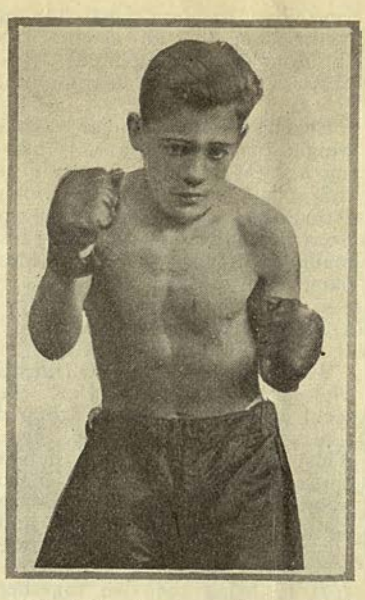
Panama Carpentier, bantamweight champion of Panama.

On the same card with Stribling-Slattery was the Frankie Schoell-Frankie Venchell bout. Schoell won easily and made a big hit with the crowd by his marvelous boxing. Many fans think that Schoell can beat either Slattery or Stribling and Schoell thinks so himself. Schoell is Buffalo's best welterweight and, for that matter, is close to being the best welterweight in the world. Any time Schoell has a good night, he's unbeatable. There is talk of Frankie meeting Mickey Walker for the welter title. His friends are pulling for him to land this match.

Pat Mills, the Irish lightweight from Leo Flynn's stable, is well liked in Buffalo through his two victories here over Teddy Meyers and Harry Cook, the negro. Mills is a flashy type and gives action aplenty. Mills will get lots of work here.



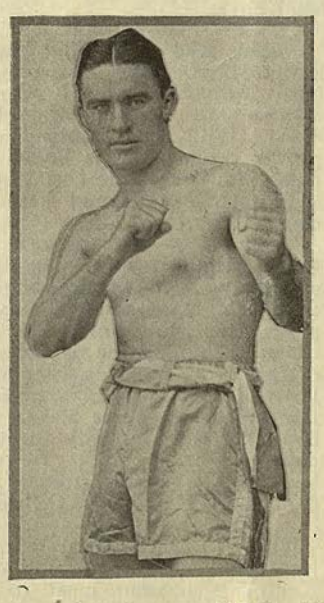
Alex Hart, formerly of Lorain, Ohio, but now living in Philadelphia.



Midget Toneta, classy flyweight of Panama.

Jack Bernstein was given a draw with Rocky Kansas in the ten-round windup at the Velodrome club's show on Feb. 18th, although Bernstein was entitled to the decision. Kansas knocked Bernstein down in the first round but the New Yorker started battering Rocky's midriff about the fifth round and never stopped punching Kansas from then on. Rocky was a tired boy at the finish. It was reported, however, on good authority that Kansas had badly injured the arm he broke fighting Benny Leonard in Michigan City a couple of years ago. Rocky said he hurt the arm about the third round, which accounts for his poor showing in the latter part of the fight.

Ted Joyce, the Canadian bantam, is O.K. again and ready for all comers at 120 pounds. Joyce is a good hitter and a rough boy in the ring. He always pleases, win or lose.



Tommy Loughran, youthful middleweight from Philly, who has fought Harry Greb several times, with honors evenly divided

Jimmie Mack has a couple of likely looking kids in Frankie Mozdy, Erie, Pa., flyweight, and Johnny Kowslowsi, Rochester featherweight. Macks keeps these boys going regularly and Mozdy may meet Johnny Buff or Villa here soon.

Bobby Eber of Hamilton, champion bantamweight of Canada, is back in fine shape. We saw Bobby in action several times last month and he looks great. Eber has decisions over Midget Smith, Irish Johnny Curtin, etc., and a draw with Carl Tremaine.

Tommy Ryan, Buffalo's fine little bantamweight, defeated Terry Martin, referee's decision, at McKeesport, Pa., on Feb. 25. Ryan also won from Mog. Pugh of Newcastle, at Erie, Pa., the week previous.

Louis Stegmeier, from Buffalo's great East Side, is another new pugilistic wizard. This young man boxed George Schwallie in one of the preliminaries to Kansas and Bernstein and won the plaudits of the crowd by boxing two rounds with one arm, after he had dislocated his wrist in the second round. He beat Schwallie with one hand and the fans went wild over him.

BOXING BITS FROM SOUTH WEST AND MEXICO
By DON CEE

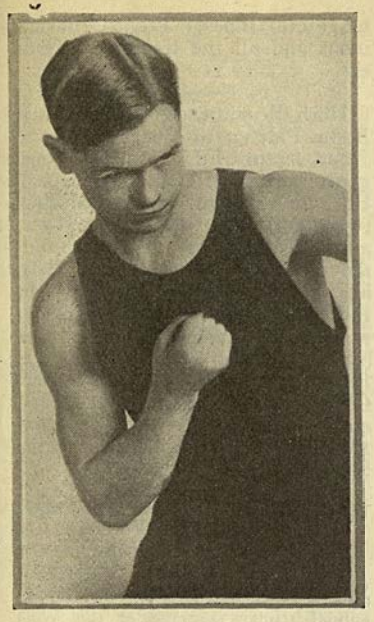
Hooray for boxing in Texas, it is sure coming to life with a bang. Jack Shelton, of San Antonio, is putting on four good fight shows per month in his new arena at the Market Hall of the Alamo City. Shelton's club, the B. M. A. C., has been playing to capacity houses since he reopened in January.

Texas City, Texas, has also reopened to the boxing sport. The Texas City American Legion, will run semi-monthly boxing shows in order to earn enough money, or help to earn the money necessary to build a new club house.

Galveston, Texas, is planning to open for boxing. Semi-monthly shows will be put on under the auspices of the American Legion. For the opening show, Galveston promoters are endeavoring to secure the services of Tommy White for a ten round bout with Tony Caponi.

Tommy White, of Texas City and San Antonio, opened the new boxing season at Texas City, Texas, on February 15 by giving Sid "Kid" Flake, of Galveston, a severe drubbing. Near the end of the eighth round, White put Flake to the canvas with a hard sock to the jaw. He arose on the last beat and was put down twice in that round, the end of the round finding him on the canvas stretched out. Flake recuperated through the rest periods and managed to stay the limit despite White's pounding, but was knocked down so many times all count was lost.

Chuck Burns and Jack Willis, welterweights and old rivals, went round and round in Jack Shelton's B. M. A. C. arena at San

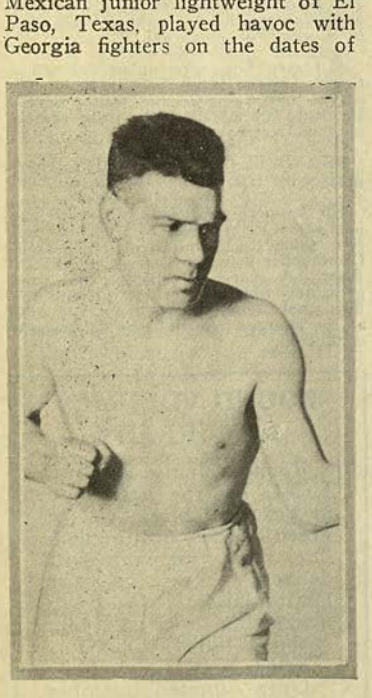


Howard Mayberry of Detroit, who has fought several leading bantams around the country, and holding his own on every occasion

Antonio, for ten of the fightingest, slambangdest rounds ever seen in the Alamo City. It would be a rank injustice to either boy to call the battle anything but a draw. Willis was floored for a short count in the second round, but came back and had Burns woozy in a couple of rounds which evened matters up.

With not so much slugging, but by plenty of clever boxing and hard punching, Jack Fowler, of San Antonio, out-punched, outfought and out-pointed Frankie McFarland, of Boston, in the double wind-up of the Burns-Willis card. Fowler and McFarland are junior lightweights.

Mike Vasquez, the strong little Mexican junior lightweight of El Paso, Texas, played havoc with Georgia fighters on the dates of February 12 and 19. On February 12 he beat Freddie Boorde, of Atlanta, and the week following he trounced Timmie O'Dowd, also of Atlanta.



Mick Adam, the featherweight champion of Scotland, whom Charley Harvey has brought over

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Rabbit Palmer and Bert Brannon, both of San Antonio, boxed, or rather fought a thrilling eight-round draw to the O'Dowd-Vasquez bout, which proved the real attraction of the card.

Freddie Boorde and Tim O'Dowd, both Atlanta, Georgia, featherweights, were decidedly off their usual form when they fought Mike Vasquez in San Antonio during the month of February. As a matter of fact, both the Georgia boys were ill for their bouts, due to change of climate and long train rides. It is not meant to take any credit away from the game little Vasquez for winning his bouts, for he is a tearing, slashing type of fighter who never fails to give all there is in him while he is in the hemp circle.

A great dismay was hanging over the Spanish population of San Antonio, the Alamo City, on the morning of February 27. It was the morning after the Kid Pancho, Southwestern flyweight pride, and Newsboy Brown, flyweight champ of Iowa, twelve-round battle. For the first time in many, many months. Pancho drew a little better than his match in the Iowa Newsboy champ and was outpointed in the majority of the twelve rounds.

Pancho's poor condition told on him in the later rounds, but he never stopped trying. Pancho was the aggressor throughout, with Brown skipping about out of harm's way and darting in when Pancho would lead, with a rat-a-tat to the Spanish kid's midriff. Pancho suffered no ill-effects from the twelve rounds, with the exception that he was visibly tired at the end of the fast mill.

The semi-windup to Pancho-Newsboy Brown was the real thriller of the evening. Rabbit Palmer met Frankie McFarland, the Boston Terrier, and Rabbit lit into the Boston Bean and almost annihilated him in the first round. McFarland took a right-hand punch on the jaw in the first half minute of fighting that made him do a graceful dive. He staggered up for a second one and third one and fourth one, and so on. He was up and down like a camel's back all during the first round, with the bell saving him from a certain kayo. Mac's seconds must have given him a shot of dynamite in his corner, as he came out fighting and from the third round on to the finish got steadily stronger, so much so that he almost evened up the fight.

There are so many main bout fighters around San Antonio and vicinity that the promoters have to put on double windups and all star cards every so often and every semi-windup fought around the Alamo City features boys of main bout calibre.

Sport writers of the Boston publications, who are in San Antonio, Texas, with the Boston Red Sox for their spring training period, were guests of the B. M. A. C. at the February 26 fights and claimed after the bouts that there was more real action displayed in the show than they had ever seen in a Boston club.

Homer Baker, who holds several middle distance amateur track records and is now the athletic director of the Vocational Training School for disabled war vets, has run off several successful amateur boxing tournaments in the Market Hall arena at San Antonio.

Charley Pitts, the Australian lightweight, was scheduled to make his appearance in San Antonio, for a bout against either Battling Chico or Tommy White, on March 4, but up to this writing, the Australian has failed to show. In the event Charley Pitts don't show in time, Jack Shelton, matchmaker for the B. M. A. C., will try and get Brooke Stephens (Kid Monte), the hard-punching San Antonio southpaw, to fight Tommy White, the Texas City Indian. White wants to battle, so the issue is up to Kid Monte.

Brooke Stephens (Kid Monte) has just returned to his Texas home after a successful campaign around Arkansas and Tennessee. Brooke won every start via the Kayo route on his last trip away from home and states that after he has a fight or two at home and then a short rest, he intends to go north, where the transportation jumps are not so great and the boxing cities are closer together.

Eddie (Bum) Spears, the genial blind negro promoter of San Antonio, is still in the game and giving his patrons a dandy fight show every Thursday night and drawing fair houses.

Pueblo Jim Flynn is in San Antonio, looking for a bout and may be accommodated before this story appears before the public. Flynn seems to be in good spirits and is willing to battle any one the promoters can get for him. If an opponent is not turned up pretty quick for the Pueblo Fireman, he intends to blow on East and give the eastern fans another chance to see the only man who ever flattened Jack Dempsey, the Man Killer, in a round. Jim always tells what he did to Jack, but he never tells what Jack did to him later.

Bobby Mason, the veteran San Antonio hard-hitting lightweight, will soon swing back into action and try to make a comeback.

Winners in the recent amateur boxing tournament in San Antonio are Brooke Hooper, bantam; Chas. Vargas, flyweight; Albert Mayen, featherweight. All the other weights are in dispute and the winners will be decided in the next tournament.

Sonny Goodrich, the San Antonio negro middleweight pride, has been winning a fight per week since he was laced by Tiger Flowers, of Atlanta, in the Alamo City in January. Tiger went somewhat out of his class when he stacked up against Walk Millers' Tiger, but since he has been matched against opponents not so tough and has been winning consistently.

Tommy Milton, the Harlem flyweight, whose two victories over Henny Catena have put him in line for many good bouts

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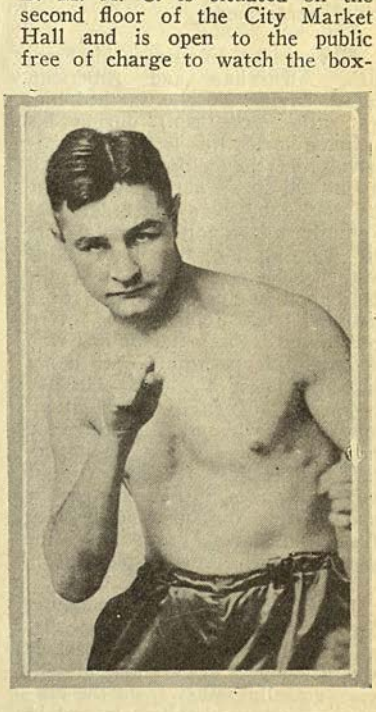
The Business Men's Athletic Club, under the direction of Jack Shelton, has the largest gymnasium devoted to the training of boxers in the Southwest and in the matter of floor space it ranks with the largest in America. There are over one hundred boxers training every day in the B. M. A. C., both amateur and professional. The gymnasium is equipped with everything necessary for the development of an athlete and also has two large rings to box in. The B. M. A. C. is situated on the second floor of the City Market Hall and is open to the public free of charge to watch the box-



Bobby Harper, of Seattle, Wash., welterweight champion of the Pacific Coast

ers in their training stunts from two till four o'clock every day. All visiting sportsmen to San Antonio are welcome.

MONTREAL JOTTINGS
By STRAIGHT LEFT

Professional boxing in this city —the greatest sporting center in the entire Dominion—received its death blow February 22, when Jack Johnson, former world champion, and Homer Smith, Kalamazoo, Mich., fox-trotted, wrestled, buggy-hugged and pranced through ten rounds at the St. Denis theater, the colored man receiving the referee's decision at the welcome close.

Never before in the annals of boxing in Quebec, or far as that goes, the length or breadth of Canada, had the fans been given such a farce-feat.

Boxing in Montreal is under—or leastways is supposed to be under—the jurisdiction of a city commission with rules and regulations patterned after those in New York, the only difference being that whereas the Empire State authorities hold aloof from the National Boxing Association, the Canadian body holds full membership in that august body.

Before a record-breaking house, the colored boxer and the Michigan heavyweight put on a show that in any vaudeville house would have played return engagements. It was a case of Johnson lording it over the white opponent and the latter executing cute little Annette Kellermans at apparently stipulater periods throughout the battle(?).

Any commission having the welfare of boxing at heart would have ordered the boxers' money held up and given to a charity, that is, in the event that the referee had not taken the viewpoint that the fans were being given the laugh by the chief performers.

Having seen Johnson in his English, Australian and American bouts, having closely watched him (at fifty cents per) during his training spells, this writer was satisfied that the colored man could go in and stop Smith at any stage of the game and the fact that Johnson was a top-heavy favorite to win outside the limit must surely be proof enough that the bout took on the appearance of a genuine one. Johnson had given out the info. that after he had won from Smith, he would open a big boxing club in the city. He had become a favorite with Montreal sportsmen, who were rooting for him, BUT—and this is an important conjunction—the sooner Mistah Jack packs up his extra collar and departs for his own beloved Galveston down Texas way, the sooner will the fans be pleased.

Joe Woodman, who was handling Smith, was about the most disgusted man in the house. His face was a study in scarlet and his advice, actually yelled from the corner, proved as nothing else might his earnestness in the matter. Woodman, who has been connected with the boxing game for 'steen years, is held blameless by local lovers of boxing and it would not be surprising if he gave Smith the gate, following his inexcusable display (or should it be "want of display"?).

TORONTO NOTES
By JACK JARVIS

The Biff, Bam, "Wham" boys packed Jack Corcoran's and Eddie Rudd's "Emporium of Sock" at the Standard Theatre, to witness a great night of "legalized battles" recently. Jack Reddick, Frankie Bull and Tiger Smith were on an all star card. If the place had been twice the size, the full house sign would have been hung outside the door just the same. Not for many a day has so many stars appeared on the same bill together.

Al Holmes and Johnny Lear started the ball rolling, with a merry six-round joust. How these two good little fellows did paste one another, with Lear finishing on top. George Fifield was next, and Fritz Meuller, his opponent, entertained the big crowd with plenty of give-and-take socks. Fifield shows improvement each time out. The time is not far distant when he will be a real opponent for Frankie Bull. Fifield smashed Meuller numerous times, but could not make his tough adversary say "Uncle."

Tiger Smith and Harry Freeman put on a slashing slug-fest that had the crowd sitting back and "poppy-eyed" with their gory mix-ups. Both boys were covered with claret, while Referee Lou Marsh was soaked and had to retire after the battle to change his bespattered shirt.

Frankie Bull walked in cold as a landlord's heart, and battled Johnny Weigler for the proverbial "row." He finished the battle with a punch that stood the Buffalo boy on his ear, over the middle rope, in the second round. After all this great night of fights, the customers were all keyed up for the Jack Reddick-Art Meyer fight. Meyer took the place of Tony Stabenau, who had a bad attack of heart trouble when he heard about the Westerner's punching ability, so Meyer was led to the slaughter. After banging his heavier opponent 'round for a couple of rounds, Reddick opened up in the third with his heavy artillery; his first huge shot brought Meyers to the canvas, flat on his face, but the latter got up at the count of nine, punch drunk. Reddick measured his groggy opponent and smashed home a terrific punch to the chin, which dropped Meyers, prone, for the full count.

Robert Eber signalized his return to the hempen square by outpointing Chalky Wimler, in a slow ten-round melee. Eber will have to show better form than this if he wants to beat Donnie Mack, whom he meets here on the 10th. The feature battle of the Eber-Wimler card was between Jimmy Britt of Montreal and Johnny Lear of Hamilton. How these two little game-cocks whacked each other around the padded structure. In the second, Lear bumped the Montreal boy on the chin with his right, and Britt reposed for eight long seconds on the canvas. When he got up, both boys went right to it, and from then on the battle was one that would make Donnybrook Fair look like a Sunday School class. They tore into one another, standing toe and toe and fighting like demons, when suddenly Jimmy unleashed a mighty right that cracked Lear fairly on the chin, and kept him on the floor for the full count, and then some.

Hard punching Harry Freeman belted Joe Bashara on a vulnerable spot in the third, and Joe, although making frantic efforts to rise, was counted out.

Cherubic Jimmy Ray, Hugh Shannon's good little southpaw, managed to grab off the decision from Al Holmes, in a battle replete with action and "sousy socks."

Donnie Mack made a trip to Montreal to exchange punches with Ralph McNaughton, in a battle billed as Canadian Bantam Championship, as Bobby Eber had not boxed or defended his crown for the past six months. It was a "pip," although not so thrilling as their battle of two weeks previous. McNaughton had all the better of the first three rounds, Mack being content to wait for an opening to smash in his right-hand wallop. Coming up for the fourth, he nailed the Quebecer with a hot shot to the paw, and laid him low for nine. From then on Mack had the better of the exchanges, until the seventh, when he dropped McNaughton for the full count. Mack, who is a growing boy and fast putting on weight, will box in the featherweight class after his battle with Bobby Eber, March 10, at Toronto.

Jack Reddick, who has been sojourning in Montreal for this past week, made a big impression on the railbirds in his workouts with Homer Smith, Jack Johnson, former world's champion, and others. He thinks that Reddick is a future world's champion. Toronto promoters, who know they have a real box office attraction in Reddick, have a busy program of half a dozen battles mapped out for him, with the leading contenders, and the big fellow should be a real big card before many months.

Hank Woods, Hamilton's rotund barber, has a good fighter in Tiger Smith, who shows big improvement since last appearing in Toronto a year ago. Moe Herscovitch and Smith may battle soon for titular honors of the Dominion.

Another championship match in view is a Frankie Bull-Clonie Tait match, in Winnipeg. This battle would draw big in the West; both have met all the world's contenders and the fight would undoubtedly have plenty of outside interest. Frankie in his four years of professional battling, has battled Rocky Kansas, Eddie Wallace, Clonie Tait, Chubby Brown, Charley O'Connell, Frankie Schoell (four times), Eddie Fitzsimmons and all the leading contenders.

Herb Bee intends bringing back Eddie Pinchot of Charlesoi to the front again, Eddie fought some great battles around here, Bobby Eber three times, Curly Wilshur twice, and once with Teddy Joyce, all battles that are still fresh in the memories of the fans. Herb has another good lightweight in Sid Conn, a fighter who is troubled with brittle hands. Too bad his hands are not stronger, as this fellow is a real god puncher. Conn's hands recently went back on him in a battle with Tommy Mitchell, which enabled the latter to win a close decision.

THOUSANDS WATCH HUFFMAN WIN TITLE
By TOM STEVENS, U. S. Navy

Thirty-five thousand bluejackets, who swarmed the giant hillside of Culebra, Virgin Islands, to witness the annual titular struggle of the West Coast sailors, stood up and cheered madly when Eddie Huffman, of the U. S. S. Prometheus, termed by West Coast scribes as the "Salt Water Dempsey" was given the decision over Sailor Tribble, of the Texas, thereby winning the championship of the Pacific Fleet in the light heavyweight class.

It was a torrid mill in which both men fought viciously to gain the coveted naval honors. In the fourth round Huffman shot over a terrific right to the left eye cutting a deep gash in the Lone Star battler's optic and followed up with a right to the nose drawing claret freely.

Don Davis of the Aircraft Squadrons won the lightweight belt by defeating Jose Fernandez of the Pennsylvania, in a windmill affair that had the crowd in a panic.

The featherweight trophy went to Ritchie King, the blonde boy from the mighty Maryland when he emerged the victor over Darky Carter, the Ebony hued boy from the Destroyers.

Alkie Akol, the tiny half-pinter from the cheer-up ship Nevada carried off the honors in the flyweight go from Kid Beza, his brown brother from the Philippines.

The bantie affair was a corker, in which Georgie Etcell, a shipmate of Akol's, was granted the verdict over Joe Aguirre, who Heinie Miller says does his training by making hand flips in a stick of macaroni.

A classy boy was uncovered when Caddie Cadena from the California displayed his wares in the welter scrap. He won by a city mile from Butler of the Destroyers.

Paul Dusik won the middleweight grapes by trouncing Sailor Ritchie.

The winners were presented with the handsome Fleet Belts of their respective classes by Admiral S. S. Robinson, Commander-in-Chief of the Battle Fleet. A score of senators and congressmen who are here to witness the fleet operations, voiced their approval at the manner in which the bouts were conducted.

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NEWS FROM THE CENTRAL WEST
By HAROLD WALSH

With the settling of the traction squabble in Akron, O., the mayor in that city has announced that he is once again willing to consider the applications of boxing promoters and according to reports the veteran Bernie Strapp stands first in line.

Bernie who has been staging the biggest attractions in Akron for the past fifteen years has signed Norm Genet, Akron's great welterweight fighter to box Johnny Griffiths, also of Akron in a 12-round bout. Rubber City fans have been anxious to see the rival Akron battlers in action and it looks as though they will get the opportunity. Bernie plans to stage the match March 25.

Al Zill, Youngstown's leading promoter who showed Ad Stone, the Philly sensation to his patrons recently is anxious to book Paul Berlenbach in the Steel City. Stone knocked out Reed and Wild Bill has been going pretty good lately. Zill has a classy stable of battlers.

Hustling Jack O'Keefe of Chicago has his great welterweight brother-battler Denny back in condition ready for the best. Denny has fought them all and can hold his own with the best. Jack is also managing Billy Henry and other good Chicago boys.

Tiger Flowers has been cleaning up in Ohio lately. The Tiger knocked out Bob Lawson in ten rounds at Toledo and won the referee's decision over Battling Gahee in twelve rounds at Barbertson, O. Ohio fans like the Tiger and his work and Flowers and Walk Miller will be welcome back here at all times.

Harry Sully, Columbus boxing promoter, is getting ready to stage a series of big boxing shows in Columbus at his huge open air arena. Sully has Tut Jackson boxing in great shape and the colored boys will receive a share of the matches there this summer, although his biggest card will be Norm Genet and Jock Malone. Both are Columbus favorites and will plenty.

Tom Lennon drew a $6,000 gate with Johnny Karr and Jack Britton in their ten-round no-decision bout at Canton recently. Newspaper decisions were divided but draw was the best verdict. It was a slow bout. Lennon has brought the game back in Canton and has a number of crack bouts scheduled. Tom also has a great bantamweight prospect in Johnny Miller of Youngstown.

Good referees are hard to find throughout the country, but Walk Miller, famous Atlanta boxing promoter, who has been in Ohio for the past month, declares that in Chub Kinney of Akron there is a referee who hearkens back to the days of Charley White, George Siler and other great officials of by-gone days. Kinney handles his fighters well, makes them fight and fight cleanly and gives his decisions honestly. If he were in New York or Philadelphia he would have a national reputation, according to Miller, Jimmy Dunn and others who have seen him work.

Harry Krohn, Akron light-heavyweight, is back from Florida and is getting in shape for a series of bouts his manager has arranged for him. Krohn and Paul Berlenbach is a match that George Rice, Cincinnati promoter, is planning for Cincy.

Norm Genet made it nine and ten straight wins when he knocked out Billy McGowan in six rounds and Young Roughhouse Ross in three at Palm Beach, Florida. Genet has several other matches in the South before he will return home to Akron.

NUTMEG NOTES
By FRANKLYN J. ADAMS
Sports Editor
Meriden (Conn.) Morning Record

Louis (Kid) Kaplan, of Meriden, defeated Billy De Foe, of New York, at Waterbury last month in a 12-round bout. De Foe and Kaplan have met before, Doc Bagley's charge fouling the Meriden mauler in the fifth round to escape further punishment. He used a low blow or two this time but not low enough to have the fight stopped. The rest of the card consisted of a knockout for Lew Chester, of Brooklyn, over Harry Raskin, of Detroit, in the fourth round; a draw for Jiggers Paladino, of Brooklyn, and Eddie Lord, of Torrington; a decision for Young Emmons, of Waterbury, over Jimmy Peters, of Torrington, in the fourth round. Young McAuliffe refereed the bouts.

Hartford fans were treated to another sour one on February 26 when Spencer Gardner easily defeated Tommy Lynch and Pee Wee Kaiser lost to Frankie Mack. Gardner and Kaiser were originally scheduled to meet, but Kaiser tipped the beam at 131½ and Gardner at 122¼.

The state commission scored the only knockout of the evening by holding up the Missouri boy's money; fined him $75 for coming in overweight and soaked his manager, Eddie Mead, $25 for posting a weight and appearance check. Tommy Lynch got $25 less than he was supposed to have received and Al Caroly, manager of Tommy Dunn, who fought Frankie Pilkington, was fined $10 because his boy's forfeit money wasn't in on time.

Frankie Pilkington, of Meriden, brother of Charlie, made a good showing in his professional debut against Tommy Dunn. The latter, from Holyoke, Mass., was reputed to have knocked out an opponent that remained asleep for 15 minutes in the ring and an hour more after he had been revived and carried to his dressing room. He couldn't rock Frankie, however, as the boy gave and took on even terms. Pilkington was the cleverer of the two but not the stronger. Tired in the last three rounds, he won with a good enough margin over the tough Tommy.

As Billy Lee, sporting editor of the Meriden Journal, has put it, Hartford ought to be named the Fish City for some of the bouts that have been held there. At present it is the Insurance City, where everything but good bouts are specialized in.

Maxey Maravnick, Meriden member of the leather-pushing profession, announced recently that he is training hard for the bouts that are to come his way soon. He expects to appear on the next Waterbury card and hopes to show his assortment of "shots" here if a fight card is ever staged again.

Young Stanley Rogers, of Meriden, who fought Henry Monguese, of New Haven, a fast and furious draw at the Atlas A. C. in the Elm City, was one of the leading stars of the card, to judge by the comment that has been made over the opening bout. The New Haven Journal-Courier and Evening Register both praised the local battler.

Jack Delaney, of Bridgeport, is as classy a battler as he has met in a long time, Tommy Loughran declared upon his return to Philadelphia after his fight with Delaney in Boston this week. "The knuckles of my right hand went on a strike early in the fray," said the Philly fighter, "and I was lucky to stay the limit."

Hartford has a knockout specialist in Joe Flynn, the youngster who has been taking 'em in the preliminary division after the manner that Grant "took" Richmond. In his last five starts the dark-skinned youngster, who is under the management of Marty Brombe, has polished off four of his opponents by the decisive method of a sleep-producing wallop.

In the future it will be Johnny Leonard of Hartford.

Leonard, who hails from Allentown, Pa., has decided to pack his duds and establish his permanent headquarters here.

Freddy Lux, of Providence, R. I., lost the decision to Paul De Salvo, of Boston, in a fast bout at the Casino Arena in Danielson, February 28, before a large crowd.

In the semi-final Frank Bush, of Norwich, was given the decision over Young Pelky, of Worcester, in an eight-round bout.

Young Coulon, of Taftville, won from Harry Doyle, of Bridgeport, on a technical knockout in the third round of their six-round bout. Johnny Murray, of Rockville, was defeated by Jerry Bernard by a technical knockout in the third round of their scheduled six-round battle.

Lew Paluso, of Salt Lake City, and Johnny Leonard, now of Hartford, fought a gruelling 12-round battle at the Atlas A. C. in the Insurance City February 14. Paluso received the decision but worked his hardest to come through a winner.

In the semi-final bout Frankie Portell, of Hartford, defeated Kid Williams, of New Haven, in eight rounds. Portell took seven out of eight rounds. Frankie O'Brien, of Hartford, knocked out Babe Slattery, of New Haven, in the fourth round. In this round O'Brien floored Slattery four times and Jigger McCarthy stopped the massacre.

The opening bit saw Young Dolan, of Hartford, put to sleep in one minute and 38 seconds by Jackie Moore, of Stamford. A right cross to the jaw was the means of introducing the kayo.

Lew Paluso, clean-cut youngster, who showed a world of class in carrying off the decision at the expense of Johnny Leonard last month in Hartford, hankers for a bout with Kid Kaplan, Meriden's sturdy battler.

George Young, manager of Frankie Portell, is recruiting for himself quite a stable of the give and take boys. In addition to Portell, he has under his direction Eddie Connors and Jimmy Pearl. The little manager is looking for action for every one of these scrappers.

NEW ENGLAND GOSSIP
By COLMAN J. NEE

Boxing fans in this section who have had a rather busy winter looking the "boys" over are enjoying a little rest for the next few weeks, owing to the inability of the promoters to find a suitable hall to stage a show. All the big gathering places are booked solid for a month.

The Steve Latzo-Billy Wells bout turned out to be a "hummer." Latzo's "never say die" aggressiveness and Wells' great exhibition of ring generalship had the fans "hanging on the ropes." Latzo continually forced the issue and these tactics earned him the decision. But Wells gave a wonderful exhibition of slipping punches, ducking and taking them on the glove, and had he been in condition the result might have been different. Both boys will appear here again soon and are sure to pack them in.

Wells was the fifth Englishman to be defeated in Mechanics Hall this winter. Moody, Todd, Moore and Jacks were the others who emerged on the short end in their bouts. Brittania may rule the waves but not Mechanics Hall.

One of these days we hope the Boxing Commission will see fit to make a ruling requiring visiting boxers who are signed to fight here put in an appearance a few days before the bout to protect the fans who pay the bills. Two boxers who recently appeared here were in no condition to box. The result was a very mediocre exhibition. This should not be permitted to con-

tinue, as boxers are paid as much here and more than in most cities. So it is up to the commission to remedy this condition.

Nate Siegel, the old war horse of the 26th Division, is now managed by Eddie Mack, the hustling manager of Abe Friedman and other stars. Nate started well under the new colors by stopping Felix King, the tough Berlin, New Hampshire, boy, in the feature bout of the Armory A. A. tourney.

Abe Friedman, the star of Mack's stable, journeyed down to Providence and took ex-champion Kid Williams into camp in a seething contest which was quite a stunt in view of Williams' previous record. Abe is now booked to meet Spencer Gardner at Boston.

They will have to find some stiffer competition for Jack Sharkey, the new light heavy, who is being groomed here for bigger things. The commission is finding fault with the calibre of his opponents, so it behooves somebody to get busy.

Tommy Robson, the Malden "strong boy," who was hired to box Paul Berlenback and then "fired," played in "Little Old New York" at a local playhouse recently and made a decided hit.

Billy Murphy, the Lowell boy with a record of 28 consecutive victories, is hot on the trail of Sailor Byron, the New England lightweight champ. These boys would provide the fans with a real contest. Murph is being looked after by Alec McLean, the veteran handler. Another boxer in his stable is Battling McCreary, who recently took Jack Taylor into camp at Providence.

Being a little too tough for the lightweights in these parts has kept Eddie Williams, of East Boston, idle for some time. But his manager, Marty Fitzpatrick, is confident of booking him here soon.

Honeyboy Finnegan, the navy champ, defeated Johnny Drew, of Worcester, in the main bout of the Armory A. A. show this month. It was even going into the tenth round, but Honeyboy grabbed this frame and the verdict. Finnegan has yet to meet defeat here in Boston, his home port.

Ted Coolidge, of the Newport naval base, is another gob who is going on high hereabouts. He recently stopped Whitey Allen, former New England amateur heavyweight champ.

A woman matchmaker! Well, what next? Such is the case at the Moody A. C. of Lowell. Cecil Dodge, the promoter, is confined to the hospital and his secretary has taken the reins and has arranged some bang-up cards. Phinney Boyle, the Spindle City vet, is a great card at this club, where he started his career.

Tommy Nee, the South Boston boy, swings into action at Manchester this month, his opponent being Johnny Harks, the Granite State bantam champion, who has been cleaning up regularly of late. In Nee he will meet a youngster who won 27 out of 30 bouts the past year and whom his manager, Fred Wiederhold, intends to send after the "money."

There is a dearth of new faces in the rings here locally which may be laid to the fact that a boy must have a "draw" even before he is considered for a prelim. Good business for the clubs, perhaps, but a sure way to kill the development of new talent which New England needs pretty badly.

PUGILISTIC PARS FROM THE PRAIRIE PROVINCES

By JACK WHITTALL

The last month was very quiet in boxing circles throughout the entire Western Canada, but the various promoters are again showing signs of activity and several good cards are billed for the next few weeks, chief of which is the bout billed for Winnipeg between Tommy Gibbons and Tom Moore.

Joe Holland, of Bredenbury, Saskatchewan, added another scalp to his growing string when he took Young Hearn into camp at Saskatoon, February 19. He handed him a swell pasting in a bout that went the full distance.

Phil Kirkham, of Saskatoon, defeated Gus Christie, of Swift Current, February 19, also at Saskatoon, in the first of a series of eliminations to find who is really entitled to the title of lightweight champion of Western Canada, for since the departure of Clonie Taite there has been no boxer who could make his claims to the said title stick. Kirkham had the better of ten of the twelve rounds contested and the decision in his favor was a popular one.

Young Feelan and Jack Mitchell boxed a draw on the same date and dished out one of the best bouts seen for a long time.

Fred Gregory, of Winnipeg, was matched to meet Young Wilson, of Moosejaw, in the latter place on February 21 at 138 pounds and went to the western town three days ahead of time to make sure of getting down to weight, for Gregory is one of the strong claimants to the aforesaid western title and he did not want to spoil his chances or his claims by being overweight. All these precautions were in vain, for the promoter of the bout, who is also the manager of Wilson, pulled off the old, old stunt on Gregory and failed to appear with his fighter at weighing in time and could not be found until time to fight, when he calmly told Gregory that he would not let his man weigh in and that Gregory had to meet him at catch weights or he would not even be paid his transportation.

There is supposed to be a boxing commission in Moosejaw but no action was taken to protect the visiting boxer and he had to fight a man who is evidently about a middleweight but is meeting only lightweights because his manager is the promoter of the bouts he appears in.

Dave "Redcap" Perry, bantam champion of the Prairie Provinces, disposed of another claimant to his title when he went on in a substitute bout with Billy Wakeham at Moosejaw on the same date.

IOWA-NEBRASKA BOXING NOTES

By DON FAIR

Morrie Schlaiffer, Omaha's welterweight idol, will invade the East for a shot at some of the better welters during the next open air season. Schlaiffer will be accompanied by his manager, Pat Boyle, who is aiming his protege for a shot at Mickey Walker. The Omaha Hebrew has boxed Shade, Schoel, Paul Doyle, Billy Wells, Joe Simonick, Dago Joe Gans and a host of other good 145-pounders. He is not a clever boxer, but a ripping, tearing mauler and the kind of a fighter that the fans like to see. He is tough and can take plenty of punishment and is blessed with murderous hitting power.

Sammy Mandell, the latest featherweight sensation, will box ten rounds with Sammy Sieger for the Elks Club in Omaha this month. This bout should be a corker and the Omaha Brother Bills are making special arrangements at the Muny Auditorium Arena to handle the crowd.

Battling Monroe, colored middleweight of the Jack Lewis stable, is rapidly coming to the front and will soon be in line for a shot at some of the bigger game. Monroe will be carefully taken along by Manager Lewis and under careful handling will soon be a middle hard to beat.

The Municipal Ball Park at 35th and Broadway in Council Bluffs, which is half way between Omaha and the Iowa city, will open its outdoor season late in April or around the early part of May, the weather permitting. They plan to open with an all-star show featuring Midget Smith, of New York, and Earl McArthur, of Sioux City, in the headline attraction. Smith has never shown in Omaha or Council Bluffs and fans of both towns are anxious to see the blonde "Willie" in action.

Muff Bronson, Omaha lightweight, is rapidly attaining his old form after several months of intensive training and will be one of the feature attractions down on the Cudahy Club card on the South Side when the packers stage their next show. Bronson is a sweet little battler when he is right.

Morrie Schlaiffer and Joe Simonick, Butte, Montana, welter, fought ten tough rounds in Omaha last month, with Schlaiffer taking the verdict. The Omaha boy had Simonick down twice but failed to stop him. "The Butte Assassin," as Simonick is called, gave a good account of himself and fought hard until the final bell.

Battling Strayer and Ace Hudkins boxed ten rounds at Lincoln last month with Hudkins taking the hand raise. Hudkins now bears the title of Nebraska lightweight champion, which is applesauce outside of Omaha and Lincoln.

Teddy Gartin, Omaha welter, boxed ten rounds to a draw with Bobby Corbett at Sterling, Colorado. Gartin failed to show his usual form, although he was credited with having a shade the better of the going. A return bout is being planned for the two boys and they will meet again late in March.

Buddy King, a great lightweight of two decades back, is now located at the Business Men's gym in Omaha, where he is the High Cockaloram of the Rubbing Table. Buddy at one time could hand out cards and spades to a lot of the 133-pounders.

Tommy Ryan, the Des Moines promoter, is plugging away with two shows a month and although Tommy is not being overburdened with customers he is optimistic about the spot and says that Des Moines will soon be back good and strong on the fistic map.

The Omaha Athletic Club is continuing with its amateur shows and many keen prospects are being dug up in the monthly jabfests. Perhaps the sweetest find of the lot is Royal Kauffman, a welterweight, who may soon join the ranks of the pros under the management of his present tutor and trainer, Denny Ryan.

J. E. Fisher, matchmaker for the American Legion Boxing Club at Fort Dodge, Iowa, will get under way with some high-class shows for the open air season. Fisher's club has enjoyed a prosperous season and are looking forward to a still better stand in the summer months.

Boxing continues to gain favor in collegiate athletics and at Iowa State College the boxing team has participated in two dual meets, one with the Kansas Aggies and one with Missouri. Staid faculty members are reported as forgetting themselves and many jumped to their feet and loudly entreated their student charges to "KNOCK HIM STIFF." Hugo Otopaulik is the boxing and wrestling instructor at Iowa State while Roscoe Hall handles the mitt wielders at the university. Hall was a former Des Moines lightweight. Over at the University of Nebraska Harry Reed, former featherweight boxer, is the mitt coach.

CHICAGO BOXING NEWS
By ART WINCH

Charley White, Chicago lightweight contender, is making preparations to leave for Portland, Oregon, this month, where he is signed to meet three good opponents in the West. White is getting back into his old time condition. He has several matches on tap for New York next summer. White will be on the coast for several weeks and will be accompanied by his trainer, Art Winch.

The Arcade gym, where many a champ has obtained his training, has installed a radio set for the benefit of their boxers and wrestlers. They now skip the rope, punch the bag and shadow box to the music obtained over the ether waves. Howard Carr, the proprietor, asserts there is something about it that takes the sting out of training. He is careful, however, to tune out when the market reports are coming in, for fear some of the affluent athletics may become worried over their investments.

George Butch, the St. Louis featherweight, who is a favorite with the West Side fans, writes from Hot Springs that he is getting in condition and would welcome a match with Joey Sangor, the Milwaukee featherweight. His manager, Babe Mullaney, is dickering with several promoters to stage the Butch and Sangor affair.

Mickey Kramer, St. Louis phenomenal featherweight, made good in his two starts under the management of Buck Montgomery and Art Winch, when he defeated Pete Mistel and Steve Adams. In his bout with Steve Adams, at East Chicago, Ind., Kramer made a big hit. He showed the fans that he can punch as well as he can box. He knocked Adams down for the count of nine in the third round, and won the newspaper decision. East Chicago promoters after the fight matched Kramer for his next show to box King Rollo.

Pal Moore, veteran Memphis bantamweight who, despite his years in the game can outpoint many of the youngsters, is coming back to Chicago. Word was received from the Southern city that Moore intends to enter the real estate business on the North Side. Last month Moore earned an eight-round decision over Johnny McCoy.

Another promising youngster is casting his hat into the pugilistic arena and those who have watched him rise from the amateur ranks declare he will be fighting on top in a few years. This youngster is Tony Sanders, 135 pounder under the management of Harry Mitchell, who is nursing him along. The writer has watched Sanders in all of his amateur bouts, and believes that in a year from now Sanders will be heard from. He is fast and clever, a great two hand puncher and a deadly puncher with his right hand.

Marty Cutler, local boxer and wrestler, doesn't want his brother Charlie Cutler to have anything on him as a fight manager, so he has taken a heavyweight under his wing. Sandy Moore, is a big fellow and he has shown considerable promise as an amateur, winning the A. A. U. championship tournament at the Hamilton club last month. Marty wants to match his boy with Fighting Bill Marshall.

Jack Feldheim, one of the best of the local amateurs, has turned professional and will box under the wing of Joey Boyle. Feldheim is a southpaw and made a good name for himself in the amateur ranks, winning the featherweight championship of the middle-west.

Joe Burman, North-side bantamweight is back from New York and plans to leave for the Pacific coast this month. Burman, who has not boxed since taking on Ernie Goozeman at Milwaukee on December 28, thinks the long rest has done him good, and will work out a few weeks at the Arcade gym to get himself in shape before leaving for the Coast. Burman will go to California to engage in the four-round game for a while.

Eddie Shea, popular west-side Italian featherweight, who made a sensational fight with Ernie Goozeman at East Chicago last month, is wanted again in East Chicago for this month. Shea's style of fighting pleased.

Nessie Blumenthal, local fight manager has lined up a good stable of boxers. He has Joey Kauffman, 118 pounder, King Rollo, 122, and Eddie Welch, 126 pounder. All of these boys are very promising as they won all their fights and with Blumenthal their manager, they will get somewhere in the boxing game. Blumenthal was connected with Dick Curley before the latter left for New York.

Jim Mullen, local fight promoter has been laid up several weeks with the flu, and for that reason he did not promote any fights. Mullen, who is known as the Tex Rickard of the West, will promote fights at Aurora, Ill. this summer. He has several good matches for the summer. A match that Mullen wants is Johnny Dundee with Charlie White or the latter with Benny Leonard, whom White boxed him at Benton Harbor, Michigan, four years ago, but since that he cannot get a fight with Leonard. Mullen wants also to stage Bud Taylor and Joe Lynch.

George Oswego, East Chicago fight promoter, has been putting on good fights and drawing big houses at every show. His place can seat 4,000 fans while his club is only one hour ride on the train from Chicago. The Bud Taylor and Herbie Schaefer fight drew $7,000 last month, and the next show after that drew $5,400 with Ernie Goozeman and Eddie Shea. Oswego is very popular with the boxing fans.

Harry Muller, local lightweight was kept busy boxing last month, as he is a boy that always pleases the fans. He boxed a ten round draw with Al Wolgast, a brother of Ad Wolgast, former lightweight champion, at Lansing, Mich. and at Janesville, Wis., on Feb. 21, he boxed a ten round no decision with Joe Azzreallo. He is matched to box Mickey Kramer at Lansing, Mich. on the next show there.

Bud Taylor, sensational bantamweight of Terre Haute, Ind., has been boxing in great form. In his two last fights he showed that he is a real contender for the bantamweight championship. Last month he won two bouts. He beat Herbie Schaefer at East Chicago, and at Indianapolis, Ind., he beat Sammy Noble. Taylor boxed Eddie O'Dowd at Columbus, Ohio and the referee gave the decision to O'Dowd. According to his manager, Eddie Long, Bud won the fight by a city block.

Sammy Mandell, Rockford flash junior lightweight, was matched to box Mickey O'Dowd at George Oswego's club in East Chicago on February 25, but had to call off his match on account of boils under his arm.

Meet Prof. Charley White, sometime left hook purveyor. The professor announces, with becoming modesty, the opening of his New health college for men and women, 738 Sheridan road. But he hastens to add, "This doesn't mean that I have retired from the boxing game, though I will still fight anybody my weight in the world.

The health college is an idea White has been wanting to work out for a long time. He says his methods will be different from those of any kind in the world. "Instruction will be individual. There will be no class, says the professor. "I have worked out a system. I used it with success at Camp Grant, Camp Custer and Fort Sheridan during the war. I have letters from commanding officers of these camps commending my work.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES
By EDDIE McFARLAND

Trenton fight fans are going into ecstasy over the great fights put up by their fistic idol, Tommy Kid Murphy, son of the former champion. The Kid has a big following and well he deserves it for his splendid showing. This despite the recent draw verdict which was handed out in the fight with Spencer Gardner. The greater portion of fight followers were amazed when Murphy failed to get the decision as he easily won it.

In the opinion of this writer, Gardner had won but 2 rounds, the fifth and the ninth, while the seventh and eighth were even, Murphy won the first, second, third, fourth, sixth and tenth by a wide margin.

While the bout was of the rip-snorting variety, it is doubtful, if these two will ever meet again, as Murphy was noticeably weak at 125-pounds.

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AND OTHER BOYS

No opponent is in sight for Leonard. Bennie's crown appears to be intact for a year or more, say the headlines. But right down here in Jersey, there looms an opponent for Bennah, and the person spoken of, is none other than Mr. Danny Cooney of Roebling, N. J. This to some may appear to be a broad boast, but it is made only after watching Danny in some of his more recent battles. While Cooney has not beaten Tendler, Dundee, or Nate Goldman, it is because he has not had the opportunity as yet to meet them. He did give Ray Mitchell a worse beating than did Tendler. In the list of men that Cooney has beaten will be found, Harry Kid Brown, Tommy Cooney, Eddie Dempsey, Tony Zill, Gats Garando, Lew Kid Lewis and numerous others. Danny may appear to be a dark horse but dark horses have oftimes won a race.

John B. Haywood, local sportsman, has taken over Pinky Higgins, a newcomer in the ranks of Trenton's hopefuls. Pinky ranks with the tallest of bantams. He scales 118 pounds and stands five feet, eleven inches. Higgins has shown up well in training and may prove to be a winner.

Indian Russell, veteran flyweight of Harrisburg, and Andy Tomasky of Pittsburgh, fought a hurricane eight round bout here. Tomasky was the victor by a shade.

Johnny Brennan, city flyweight champion, made good in his first bout at the Brunswick A. A. by winning over Bobby Witherith of Rahway, in a six round bout. Both boys were rematched for eight rounds the following week.

Tommy Murphy made his debut before the footlights with the Harder and Hall Stock Company in Little Ole New York. Tommy played the role of the Hoboken Terror and made a hit with the theatregoers.

The old saying, "Try, Try Again" is a bust as far as Kid Emmons is concerned. Emmons has been offering reward after reward in the hope of forcing Joe Reno into the ring with him, but Joe repeatedly refuses to sign. This would be a fine match and the promoters would sure pack 'em in.

BALTIMORE GOSSIP

By JAMES RAYMOND PRICE

Followers of Benny Schwartz set up a loud wail when their idol was handed the short end of the decision in his mill with Little Jeff on February 25th. A packed house turned out for the third meeting of Baltimore's premier flyweights and at the end of the bout Schwartz deserved no worse than a draw, and many spectators thought he had won by a wide margin. The Maryland Boxing Commission is trying to have the boys matched again, but it is said Schwartz had trouble making the weight and that in the future Manager Benny Franklin will enter him in the feather class.

"Fighting Bob" Garcia had his second whirl with Cuddy De Marco, the Charleroi Sheik, on March 3 and this time he earned a draw with the Pennsylvania boy. De Marco's cleverness more than offset the soldier lad's aggressiveness, and several times he had Bob tied in a knot with his footwork and left jab. Cuddy didn't look as good as he did in his previous mills here. He appeared to be overworked.

Harry Darneille, the Washington heavyweight, is about to re-enter the ring and has placed himself under the management of Benny Franklin. He has been putting in lots of hard licks at Klein's gymnasium, but he must stick to his knitting or he'll never get anywhere in the boxing game. Fighting once or twice and laying off for six or eight months is a bad habit.

Joe Tipman has bought from Max Prock his contract with Tommy Herman. Herman has been a sensation in this city, and Tipman feels that with the proper coaching Tommy will climb right up the ladder. It is said that Joe paid $500 for the privilege of managing Herman and he evidently feels that he will be well repaid.

Andy Chaney, who at one time was a serious contender for the featherweight crown, and who once had quite a following in this city, dropped in long enough to slam Freddie Jacks in the initial show of the Pioneer Athletic Club. Jacks is but a shadow of his former self, and he should be relegated to the rear ranks. Chaney, too, has been going back rapidly.

Word comes in from New York that "Meatball" Owens, who several years ago had a trial as a catcher with Jack Dunn's Orioles, is about to blossom forth as a heavyweight boxer. Dan Hickey, who brought out Paul Berlenbach, has the former ball player in tow and says his work in the gym has been first class. He expects to start him soon.

After some weeks of inactivity George Chaney has announced that he stands ready to meet Ted Marchant, the English lightweight, again. Marchant won on a foul from Chaney some time ago, and Chaney threatened to quit the ring. He evidently has reconsidered and now is anxious for a return match.

BOXING BOUTS RESULTS

(*Continued from page* 26)

6—Toledo, Ohio:
Tommy Murray beat Tommy Ryan, twelve rounds.
6—Lowell, Mass.:
Archie Walker beat Johnny Williams, ten rounds.
6—Milwaukee:
Bud Taylor beat Pancho Villa, ten rounds.
Pete Sarmiento beat Ernie Goozeman, ten rounds.
6—Wilkes-Barre, Pa.:
Allentown Joe Gans beat Frank Moody, ten rounds.
7—Buenos Ayres, South America:
Luis Firpo knocked out Erminio Spalla, fourteen rounds.
7—St. Paul, Minn.:
Jack Renault knocked out Cliff Kramer, two rounds.
7—Rochester, N. Y.:
Charley O'Connell beat Tommy O'Brien, ten rounds.
7—Atlanta, Ga.:
Jeff Smith knocked out Joe Lohman, nine rounds.
7—Bridgeport, Conn.:
Al Felder and Jimmy Bones, ten-round draw.
7—Syracuse, N. Y.:
Frankie Ash beat Kid Vick, ten rounds.

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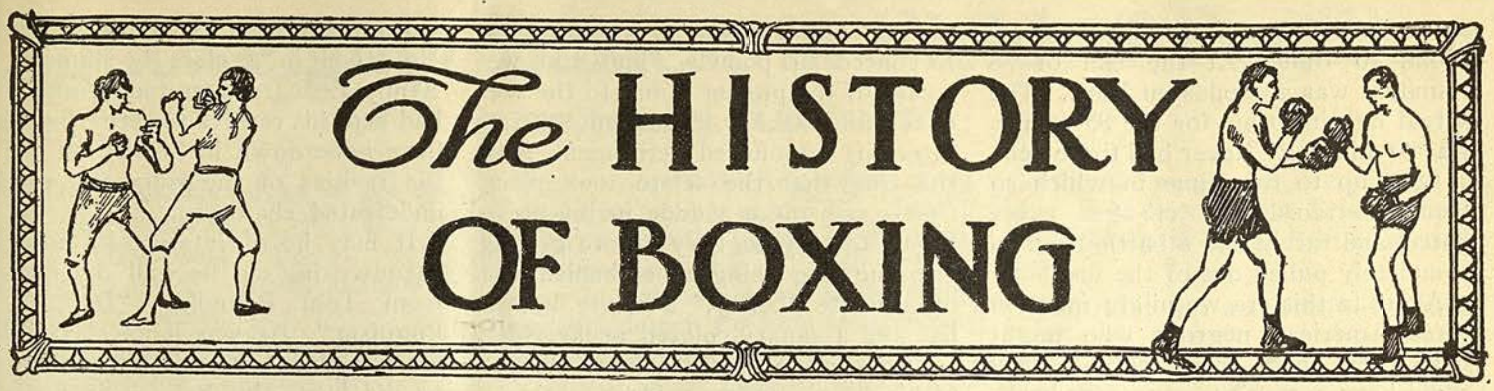

Minor Fights of Early 19th Century—Dick Curtis, the Benny Leonard of a Century Ago—Barney Aaron and Other Leading Light Ones—Defense of Pugilism

By NAT FLEISCHER

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CHAPTER XXVI

ALONG in the heyday of the prize ring in England, between 1820 and 1840, when such idols of pugilistics as Jem Burke, the Deaf 'Un, Simon Byrne, Jem Ward and Bendigo stood out in strong relief, there was a first-class crop of heavyweights who were only a step or so away from the championship. Conditions were a good deal like the first part of the present century when there were such Titans of the sport as Jim Jeffries, Jim Corbett, Tom Sharkey, Bob Fitzsimmons, and others such as Gus Ruhlin, Peter Maher and Joe Choynski. One was the Golden Age for the British, the other for America.

Among some of those who have not been attended to in any great detail in this history we are writing, men who left their mark on the game, were Peter Crawley, Josh Hudson, and his brother, Dave; Tom Cannon, Jem Burn and a few light and welter weights such as Dick Curtis, "the Pet of the Fancy," Barney Aaron, "The Star of the East," and Harry Jones, "The Sailor Boy."

In the lore of the ring, Peter Crawley holds a unique place. He is the only man who won the championship and never fought thereafter. In all the days of the ring there has never been a champion who did not think that he had at least one good fight left in him. In no sport has the old fable of the pitcher going to the well once too often been more strongly illustrated.

Crawley's father was a butcher, and Crawley followed that trade in his early youth. He was dubbed "Young Rump Steak" by the fancy and he surely proved to be pretty tough. He began his career as a boxer at a very tender age. When he was only nineteen he fought Tom Hickman, the famous "Gasman," whose career was pictured in a previous chapter. The lad, who weighed a shade under 170 although six feet tall, was beaten but not disgraced. Hickman afterward declined to meet Crawley.

Another feather in the cap of the butcher boy was a victory over "Bully" Southerns in 1822, when he was only 23. The "Bully" was a veritable giant, lean of flesh but so heavy boned that he carried 238 pounds over his six-foot-two frame. Southerns had made Jack Carter quit in two rounds and the latter claimed the championship of England at the time. Crawley was the winner after fifty minutes of terrific milling, in spite of the fact that he was giving away seventy pounds. He was a polished boxer and his science prevailed over brute strength, and it must be remembered that wrestling tactics and rough house that have long since gone from the game were tolerated.

Crawley was unable to do much actual fighting for four years because he was suffering from hernia. He kept up his sparring exhibitions, however, and taught the art of self defense over his butcher shop. "Young Rump Steak" answered the defi to any man in the world by Jem Ward and they met on Royston Heath on January 2, 1827. Crawley weighed 180 then, five pounds heavier than Ward. The fight was a great one and Ward was unable to come to time for the twelfth round. The battle lasted 26 minutes. The contest was over before half past one but it was not until six in the evening that Ward was able to recognize those about him. Crawley opened a public house and never again entered the ring.

Crawley was never really recognized as champion, although his defeat of Ward should have entitled him to that honor, as Ward had been presented with the belt emblematic of the title at the Fives Court on July 22, 1825, because of his vicory over Tom Cannon, "The Great Gun of Windsor." That bout lasted only ten minutes, in which ten rounds were fought. Cannon was out for nearly half an hour. Ward would not give up the belt to Crawley when he was beaten because the latter refused to fight again, and that was why the butcher's title of champion lapsed.

Josh Hudson had quite a spectacular career, winning sixteen fights, which was a considerable number in those days. His last appearance in the ring in serious combat was when he beat Jem Ward, November 11, 1823, in 36 minutes, 15 rounds.

Jem Burn, "My Nevvy," came of fighting stock, as both his uncles, "Big Bob" and "Ben," were well known ring figures. Jem became a great figure in pugilistic circles until the time of his death at 58 in 1862. He was more noted as a second, backer and professor of the art, however, than he was as a fighter.

Burn's two greatest fights were with Ned Baldwin in 1827, within three months of each other. "White Headed Bob," as Baldwin was known, was knocked out in 33 minutes, occupying 19 rounds. The tables were turned in the second meeting, which lasted 85 rounds and an hour

and a half before Burn failed to respond to time. At the end of 78 rounds it was any odds on Burn. The actual fighting time for the 85 rounds was 40 minutes. Never had there been a fight up to this time in which so many extraordinary changes were noted, and rarely had a battle been so completely pulled out of the fire.

Along in this era we might mention three American negroes who might have been heard from more if they could have gotten the necessary backing. Harry Sutton, of Baltimore, was 6 feet ½ inch and tipped the beam at 191 pounds. He proved his timber against only a few because he could not get any customers. He was greatly sought for as a sparring partner and helped train many of the big guns of the ring.

Sam Robinson, a native of New York, and Joseph Stephenson, of Havre de Grace, Md., were other Americans of

Tom Cannon, The Great Gun of Windsor

color who although they did not attain the prominence of Richmond and Molineux, gave evidence that one day the United States would have to be counted on.

Little is to be found in the boxing chronicles of a century ago about the lightweights. There was one, however, who stood out so brilliantly that he was named in the same breath with the champions. This was Dick Curtis, "the Pet of the Fancy." He weighed only 126 pounds and the historians of his time, from 1820 to 1828, state that he had no superior, if any equal, at his weight in the annals of pugilism. He was considered the most perfect specimen of a miniature fighting machine that had ever been seen. Usually he had to give away ten or twelve pounds to get a match.

He lost only one battle to Jack Curtis, "the Oxford Pet," to whom he had to concede 16 pounds. This, too, was a case of the pitcher going to the well once too often, for it was quite a time after his announced retirement from the ring that the set-to took place. Curtis was quite a dude in his dress, his customary toggery before getting into the ring being an embellishment of a white "benny," a white beaver hat and a canary-colored neckerchief.

Curtis was a sort of Johnny Dundee of his time. Boxers seldom met each other on more than two occasions but there was one Peter Warren who was Curtis' opponent no less than five times. Four of these were won by Curtis. The longest lasted ten rounds, 20 minutes, and the shortest, one round of 9 minutes when Warren sprained his knee and couldn't continue. Their second meeting ended in a wrangle and a riot, the backers having their stakes returned.

Curtis' victory over Dick Hares in three rounds, in 1824, was said to be the most decisive thing even seen in a British ring from the standpoint of execution. He won with his left, making only two blows with his right during the bout.

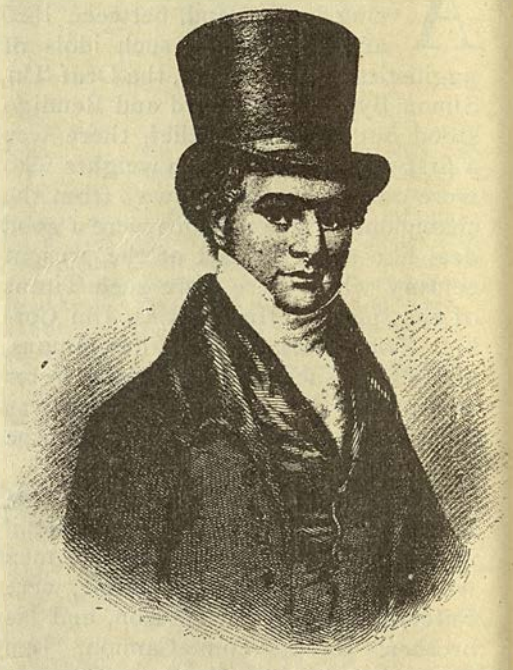
Barney Aaron was considered next to Curtis among the lighter men, but the Whitechapel Hebrew scaled 140 pounds at his best. The Star of the East was beaten in his prime only by Curtis, Harry Jones, "the Sailor Boy," and Arthur Mathewson, a sporting publican. The latter didn't have much of a professional ring career, but he was never beaten. He knocked out Aaron with a punch to the windpipe after 1 hour 10 minutes of milling. Aaron's last battle was lost to Tom Smith, the East End Sailor Boy. The latter was 27 years old and Barney 34. Aaron was beaten in twenty rounds, 26 minutes. This took place April 1, 1834. After this he became a fish dealer in Whitechapel but was a well-known ringside attendant.

Harry Jones had a sort of in and out career. He beat a lot of second raters but fought some good battles with the best of his time. Among others, he beat "the Oxford Pet" in 1832, in 46 minutes, but lost his last battle to Tom Smith, as Aaron did in the same year. Jones suffered from lung trouble and died at the age of 28, in April, 1835. Jones earned money as an artist's model when illness prevented his fighting.

Most of the fighters mentioned in this chapter never attained the heights that other heroes of the ring did, but never was there a boxer of the time over whom so many enthusiastic words were used as over Dick Curtis. He stood in a class by himself, as Benny Leonard does today, and if he had kept his resolve to retire he would have gone down in history as one of the rarities of the ring—the retired, undefeated champion.

It may be of interest to note the "handwriting on the wall" by quoting from Tom Reynolds' "Defense of Pugilism." He was more clever with his pen than with his fists, although he did beat Aby Belasco in an hour and 22 minutes. He was best known as the mentor of Jack Langen and Simon Byrne.

The press had been conducting a campaign against pugilism and was urging the government to put a stop to it. Some of the writers advocated the encouragement of fencing and one even suggested that dancing be fostered as recreation and exercise. Reynolds has the following to say:



Dick Curtis, The Pet of the Fancy

"The only charge that can be brought against the Ring is crossing fights; and though the members of the Press growl, and very justly, too, whenever a cross takes place, yet none attempt to point out the cause or the remedy.

"Fighing men are not all alike, neither are kings—there are men in our ring with integrity that would adorn a more elevated situation; men that would drop senseless under punishment, though fighting for little more than the colors that are tied to the stakes, than receive five hundred pounds to lose willfully. I do deny most positively that pugilistic exhibitions debase, demoralize or brutalize us as a nation; on the reverse, I am

(*Continued on page 39*)

Lightweights Busiest in Field of Pugilism

BY FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

THE infallible advice of the successful man is:

Work hard.

It's good advice. But it does not always lead to success.

Though it may bring riches, it may also bring nothing but an aching back.

Pugilistically speaking, hard work is not the only way to success.

Opportune work is the way!

"Be a heavyweight and be rich," is the advice a manager we know gave to a youngster who wanted to become a fighter.

"Be a lightweight and have steady employment" is the sage advice another manager friend of ours gave a young fellow. That young fellow was Benny Leonard. Benny has seldom been out of work.

The lightweight division holds all records for activity, especially for the year 1923. And it is a division that has been under cultivation in America for only sixty years. In the year just past, there were more high class lightweight bouts staged than in any time since the first champion was crowned.

In that time it has grown to be the second greatest division in pugilism. It is what you would naturally call a successful division. The infallible advice of the successful man no doubt has been applied to it.

The first lightweight champion in America was Patsy Branagan, a Scotchman. It is not recorded that he died rich, however. In his day there were no big purses. Though born in Glasgow, Scotland, Branagan learned to fight in Brooklyn. The home of churches and fighting abolitionists, has also been the home of many and many great ring fighters.

We looked over Tom Andrews' pugilistic record book, one of the finest efforts to preserve the invaluable historical data of pugilism, and we traced the lightweight title in America down to Benny Leonard from Patsy Branagan.

It would be the greatest class, or division in pugilism, but for a human trait we all possess.

That trait is to honor and glorify the super man.

In the ring the heavyweight champion is the super champion. Supposedly he can lick all the other champions.

We look to the heavies to provide us with the ultimate thrill. The super thrill. And because of this we relegate a busy class like the lightweight class to a second ranking.

But we have had great, mighty great lightweights. Look at this list. It is a list of men who fought hard, often, and sometimes for a mighty little. Benny Leonard is not one of the champions who fought for little after becoming champion. But Benny is to be credited for that rather than blamed. It's no fun taking it on the chin. A fighter deserves good pay for his work.

Anyway, here is the list, not by any means complete:

Nonpariel Jack Dempsey, Jack McAuliffe, Arthur Chambers, Kid Lavinge, Frankie Erne, Joe Gans, Jimmy Britt, Battling Nelson, Ad Wolgast, Willie Ritchie, Freddie Welsh, and they are names you probably are quite familiar with.

There were a lot of others.

Patsy Branagan, Young Barney Aaron, Sam Collyer, Billy Edwards, Bryan Campbell, George Fulljames, George Seddons, Charley Norton.

Maybe you don't recognize these names but they were lightweight champions at one time or another, or put in such good claims in their era of the division that they were pretty fully recognized.

Arthur Chambers was the first world's lightweight champion. He was the holder of the British lightweight title when he knocked out Billy Edwards, who had won the American title from Collyer.

Incidentally, Chambers was the first world's lightweight champion to retire from the ring undefeated and to stay retired. Credit for being the only retired and undefeated champion of this class long has gone to Jack McAuliffe. But until he died last spring Arthur Chambers shared the honors with McAuliffe. Chambers retired in 1879. McAuliffe claimed the title in 1886.

McAuliffe retired in 1894, his last fight being a draw with Owen Zeigler on Nov. 19, of that year. Jack still is in the land of the living. No one can lay claim to sharing with him the honor of being the only undefeated lightweight champion, retired, now that Chambers has passed on to Valhalla.

Dating from the time McAuliffe claimed the title to the present day, the lightweight title holders have been:

1886-1894—Jack McAuliffe.

1894—Title claimed by Kid Lavinge and claim recognized.

1899—Frankie Erne defeated Lavinge, 20 rounds, Buffalo.

1902—Joe Gans knocked out Erne, one round, Ft. Erie, Canada. Gans refused to make the weight for Jimmy Britt, and after Britt knocked out Erne following his knockout by Gans, Britt claimed the title.

The claim was not wholly recognized. Finally, on Sept. 9, 1905, Battling Nelson knocked out Britt in 18 rounds at Colma, Cal., for the white lightweight title.

In 1906 Gans won from Nelson on a foul in a title bout in 42 rounds at Goldfield, Nev.

Then Gans, in 1907, knocked out Britt.

Gans was the champion, then, beyond dispute. The bout lasted 6 rounds.

But in 1908 Battling Nelson knocked out Gans, and Nelson became the champion. The bout lasted 17 rounds.

1910—Ad Wolgast won from Battling Nelson in 40 rounds at Port Richmond, Cal.

1912—Willie Ritchie won title from Wolgast on a foul in 16 rounds.

1914—Freddie Welch won title from Ritchie on decision, 20 rounds.

1917—Benny Leonard knocked out Welsh in nine rounds, New York City.

To be successful work hard! To work hard be a lightweight!

Ask Benny Leonard!

He knows.

HISTORY OF BOXING

(*Continued from page* 38)

confident they introduce chivalrous (they may be rude) notions of honor, courage, fortitude and love of manly fair play."

"Even on the score of humanity pugilism ought to be encouraged, for wherever it does not exist, murder, by violence and treachery, more frequently takes place. I am confident that if Adam had been a Briton, he would have taught his sons to box; then the club would not have been used, and the first murder prevented. Cain would have given his brother a good milling instead of crushing his skull, and the brothers would have been found the next morning supping porridge as comfortable as the Lord Mayor's sons on a more recent occasion."

[With this chapter we enter the field of pugilism in America and our first chapter on the development of the sport in the U. S. will appear in the next installment.—Ed. Note.]

"Fighting Fools" —Owen Ziegler

By VERNON VAN NESS

OUT in Philadelphia most any day, you may run across a rather plump man, battle-scarred, gray at the temples and inclined to be bald. He is a quiet-spoken fellow and one would never suspect that he was one of the really great fighters of a few years ago.

This quiet person is none other than Owen Ziegler, a lightweight who began boxing in 1885 and was still going pretty good ten or twelve years ago. He was one of the Fighting Fool class of boxers. He was never content to be idle. He had to keep at his boxing steadily, at least so Ziegler thought, for he always said, "you had to box every day and fight every other day in order to be good in my days."

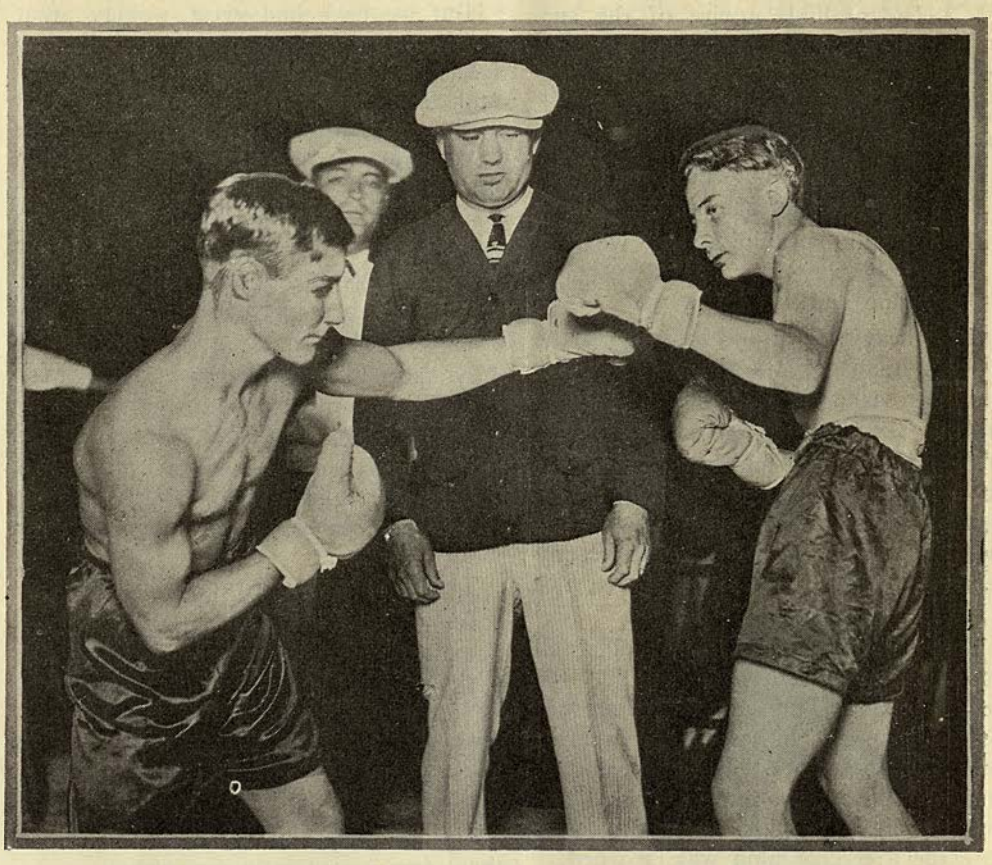
This probably accounts for the fact that Ziegler took part in over 150 fights. He started as an amateur and that start was an indication of how he would fight in the future. He had earned a name for himself in amateur circles around Lonsdale, Pa., where he was born in 1871, and finally entered the Amateur championships of America, a tournament staged at the old Manhattan Opera House, in New York City, Dec. 17 to 19, 1891.

He was given the task of winning his way to the crown over the combined efforts of seven antagonists and he was successful. Charley Hendrickson, Joe Harmon, Billy Vernon and Jack Fallon were his victims on the first night. On the final night he met Joe Falvey, Chuck Connors and Jack Hannagan, and they also were defeated.

The following year Ziegler turned professional and he was kept busily engaged. In two years he fought forty-four battles and was quite successful. He kept right on boxing, never missing a week. Often he managed to get in two and three bouts in one week.

However, in 1894, he fought a twenty and a twenty-five round contest. The twenty round encounter was with Stanton Abott at Baltimore and Owen was the winner. He held Jack Everhard to a draw in twenty-five rounds at New Orleans the same year.

His greatest year was in 1898, when he fought sixteen bouts and of these seven went beyond ten rounds. He fought twenty round draws with Matty Matthews and Jack Everhard, won on a foul in seventeen rounds from Billy Ernst. He lost a twenty round bout to Kid McPartland, the present-day referee and boxing official in New York City, lost a twenty-five round encounter to Jack Daly, stepped fifteen rounds to a draw with Matty Matthews, their second meeting of the year, and finally drew in a ten-round affair with Charlie Burns.



The above shows the veteran Pueblo Jim Flynn refereeing a bout in Mexico. He was the third man in the ring in the sensational bout between Sonny White (left) and Jack Wells (right), in which White scored a knockout in the seventh round.

That kept him pretty busy. In 1900 he fought, among others, Eddie Connolly. This bout was advertised as for the welterweight championship and was staged in Hartford, Conn. Owen won by a K.O. in two rounds. The following year he toured with a show and met all comers, taking on some thirty or forty ambitious youths and winning handily. Most of these bouts were of four rounds duration.

"I sure did do a lot of fighting," said Owen recently. "I guess there are some men who are fighting fools and I was one of them. It isn't the usual custom to fight as often these days as we old timers used to mix it up, but I am glad I lived in the day when a fighter fought and let it go at that. Today there is too much stalling and too little action to suit me."

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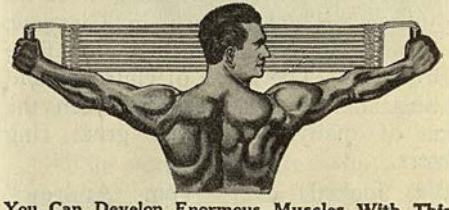

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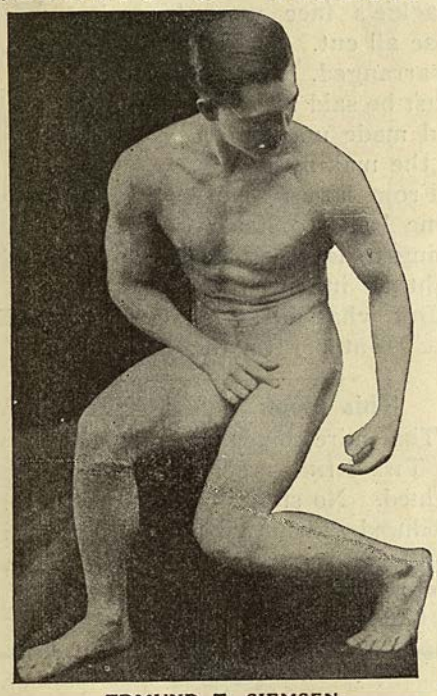

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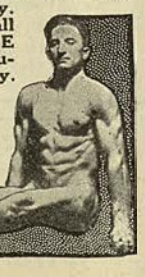

JOHN M. HERNIC

Dept. 2500

73 W. 49th St.

New York City

THE BATTLE OF SHELBY

By GRANTLAND RICE

New York Tribune's Famous Sports Expert

(Fifty-fifty with R. Southey)

IT was a summer's evening as Jack
Kearns' work was done,
And he before his cottage door was
sitting in the sun;
And by him sported, shrewd and wise,
A local kid with keen, sharp eyes.

* * *

Jack saw the little fellow then roll something smooth and round
That he, beside the cottage door, in playing there had found;
Jack ran to ask what he had found
That was so smooth and thin and round.

* * *

And then Jack took it from the boy, who stood expectant by,
And then the young man shook his head and, with a natural sight—
"An ancient dollar—this is strange—
I wonder how I missed this change!

* * *

"I took them from the bankers—from magnates here about,
From leading hotelkeepers, from cowboy, Indian, scout;
Full many a bale of kale," said he,
"I copped in this great victory."

* * *

"Now tell me what 'twas all about," the young lad promptly cries,
And straightway looks at Mr. Kearns with wonder in his eyes;
"Yes, tell me of your methods deft,
And why we have no dollars left."

* * *

"It was the bankers," Jack Kearns said, "that I first put to rout,
And when the others came along I made them all shell out;
And everybody said," quoth he,
"I'd won a famous victory.

* * *

"Bag after bag, the country round, I gathered in the kale,
And many a one-time happy home was offered up for sale;
But things like that, you know, must be
With every famous victory,

* * *

"They say it was a shocking sight, after the field was won,
For not a dollar bill was left beneath Montana's sun;
And, what is more, amid this rhyme,
Not even one smooth ancient dime."

"Will Dempsey knock, out Gibbons then?" the youngster looked around,
As Kearns still gazed upon the coin the little lad had found.
"Well, well!" said he, "but this is strange—
How did I overlook this change?"

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The Fight That Failed—Almost

By MACK NOMBURG

A WOMAN'S put many a man on the bum and many a place on the map. It usually kind of works both ways.

A couple of months ago, if somebody asked you where was Monterey you'd probably say you hadn't seen him. But now—well, if you don't know it, you should, because this particular Monterey is in Mexico and it took a pair of flappers' aunts to put it on the time-tables.

You don't have to be given the info that Mexico likes fights. Grab off your favorite newspaper any day in the week and any time of the day and find the proof is in the reading. But the tamale eaters like a little side dish with their revolutions, a kind of chile con carnage. And their favorite is the squared circle, as it is sometimes called.

It so happened that the Montereydians didn't care much for the collection of cauliflower ears that was being shipped into their favorite roped arena, says Don Cee, the Ring's capable, hustling correspondent and famous Southern fight promoter and manager of star boxers. And they informed the local promoters about it in the quietest way they knew how—they didn't turn out for the fights.

If there's anything a boxing magnate hates anything else but—it's crowds in his stadium. So when the hinges on the gates in the Monterey Sporting Club began to get rusty from being used too much too little, the promoters put their heads together and out of the noise that followed, they doped out this:

"Let us get the famous Don Cee and obtain a remedy from him. Let us have him sign two feminine boxers for a show here and see the result. If we got two members of the gentler sex to mix it for a couple-a-rounds we'll probably pack the house."

So they got Don Cee on the job. They had the house, they had the idea, but where, oh, where, was Don Cee to get the women? It was up to him to cherchez les femmes, and he did. The town authorities insisted they had to be married, so that made the job all the harder for poor Don Cee. But at last they found 'em.

One was in San Antonio, Texas; the other in Nuevo Laredo, Mexico. Their husbands were ham-and-eggers looking for work and figured the better halves would be able to grab down more than they could. So the two bantams—they tipped the beam at 115 pounds each—signed up for ten rounds and the date was set for February 16.

Never was there such a night in Monterey. Somebody says the revolution was called off so the army could go to Monterey. Maybe it was—anyway, from the crowd that was there it loked like all Mexico turned out.

Nobody, of course, knew that Pinkie and Blackie, as they are to be known, rehearsed the bout for a week and that they had it all fixed for every minute they were going to spend in the ring. Macfarland and Murphy had nothing on these two dames.

But even if the gang did know it, it would have made no never-minds, especially after they were paraded through the streets with a band ahead of them just like the bull-fighters are. And who wouldn't give ten pesos to see a couple of women in the ring, with mitts on, go at each other without being able to scratch or pull hair?

The girls finally came on. How did they look? Here's what Don Cee, our Mexican correspondent, wrote us:

"Both girls were dressed very decently in long, full-length tights and wore bloomers, one blue, the other black. Both had their hair done up in nets and, to say the least, they put up a very pleasing appearance."

The fight began. The girls started at the first bell to go through with their act. Everything went per schedule into the fourth round, when Blackie decided things were a bit too slow. So she began to step out and sent over a few unscheduled wallops. Sht hadn't figured that Pinkie would take offense—but, oh, what a mistake she made.

One extra hard smack in the fourth round and Pinkie began to do a little battling herself. When the bell rang for the end of the stanza the two were hammering away at each other. And for the rest of the bout it went that way.

Wow, what a fight! Knockdowns galore, and no counts. The girls would take a flop and jump right up and at it again. And they punched, too. No wrestling, no hair pulling nor scratching—they couldn't with gloves on.

And what a fine looking pair they were at the final bell. Pinkie sported a beautiful black eye and had a bunch of bruises that weren't visible. Blackie's face was skinned and her nose all cut. And their hair sure was disarranged, very much so. But it must be said for them that they kissed and made up—and they did need lots of the making-up.

From latest reports the girls have gone back to house-keeping and going to let their husbands do all the fighting in the future.

But what does Don Cee care? He put Monterey on the map.

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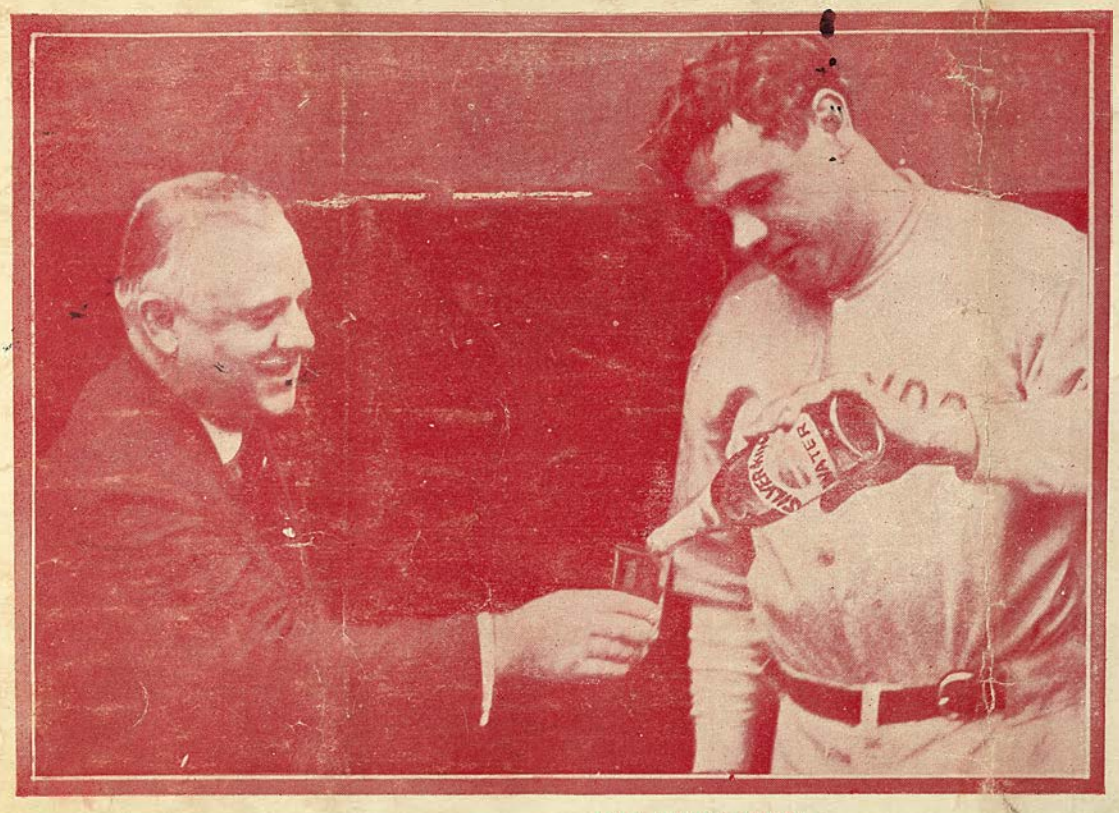

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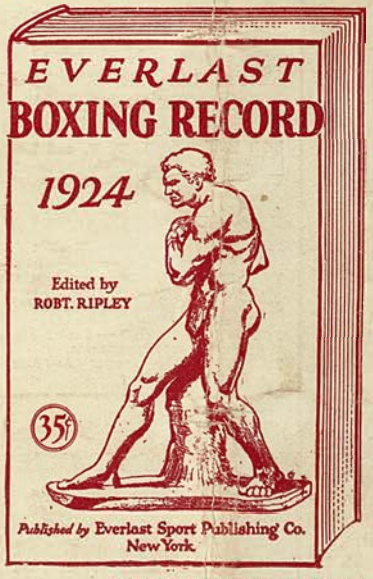

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